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# Binding of the Links

A STORY

OF

FORTY YEARS IN ODD FELLOWSHIP,

BY

CYRUS HAMLIN KILBY,

P. G. AND P. C. P.

FIRST EDITION.

PORTLAND:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

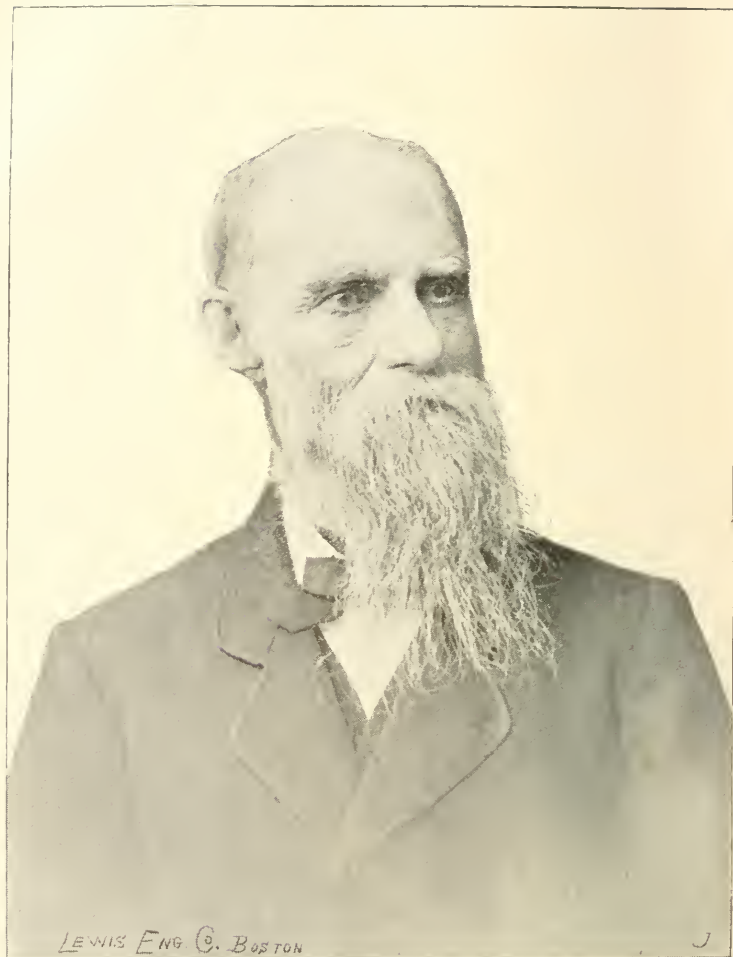


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*Gymist H. Kilby.*

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# BINDING OF THE LINKS

A STORY OF

FORTY YEARS IN ODD FELLOWSHIP

BY

CYRUS HAMLIN KILBY

P. G. AND P. C. P.

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FIRST EDITION

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PORTLAND  
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## PREFACE.

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THE AUTHOR does not deem it necessary to inform the reader why he has written this book. It is obvious to the mind of every true Odd Fellow. Forty years' membership in such a noble and humane institution as ours is a history good or bad if never written. If the brother has been a worthy, active and useful member of the Order, his life record will benefit those who come after him, and it is profitable to preserve and transmit it to the generations that follow.

Whatever there is brought out in the experience of the writer, concerning his days of trial and adversity, as well as those of prosperity, to give joy and inspire courage to others, while passing through like experiences, is dispensed with an honest purpose and open hand for the advantage and profit of all.

The writer does not arrogate to himself greater honor or deference than that which belongs to other faithful Odd Fellows, who have, like himself, "seen years and witnessed many solemn changes." The title of "veteran" for long years spent in any civic or military service or philanthropic cause is an honorable title, and rightfully claims respect.

There are living to-day scores of worthies who became strong pillars in the temple of Odd Fellowship years before the writer was initiated into its mysteries. Some of them are walking our streets with bent forms and tottering steps. They have passed their three score

years and ten, and are nearing the extreme age of man. Some of them have given the young and middle aged brothers of the Order the benefit of their long experiences by pen; others have lived it by word and deed. Their entry into the Order was at a later period in their lives than that of the writer; their forty years veteran title came when they were past service and no longer engaged in the active duties of lodge work. They have faithfully performed the duties of their time and are now reaping the rewards of well-doing.

The forty years spent in the Order by the writer have not dispossessed him of his mental or physical powers. The experience of those years has furnished material for writing a book to please and instruct a large number of brothers and friends scattered throughout New England and other States.

The book contains no dry statistics concerning the Order. Those matters have been correctly and thoroughly compiled by the able Grand Secretary, Theodore A. Ross, in the "History of Odd Fellowship." This is a book of simple narrative; a real life picture; not overdrawn, but made up of extracts from the writer's journal and reminiscences.

The story is told in an every-day style, just as it would be when seated among the brothers in a cosy lodge-room on a long wintry evening. The words employed express the true ideas and intent of what the writer desires to communicate, and his hope is that every brother into whose hands the book comes will read it carefully, give countenance to every good and honest thought, and throw the mantle of charity over all its imperfections.

C. H. K.

# BINDING OF THE LINKS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY LIFE OF THE WRITER.

The author of this book was born November 29, 1828, in a small thriving village on the border section of Maine, in Washington County, twenty-two miles from the county seat. A pleasant three hours drive from his home, on a mid-summer day, brings to view that historic spot known as the "jumping-off place," away down East. Just across the British Channel lies Campobello, St. Andrews, Grand Menan, and other territory belonging to Her Majesty's Dominions.

The early life of the narrator was quietly passed, like that of many other boys, in country villages, in living under the parental roof and attending school, surrounded by wholesome influences. There was no lack in moral or religious training to fit a boy for a useful and noble life. His father and mother were the best parents in the world. They were God-loving and God-serving parents. Though many years have passed since their voices were hushed, and their eyes closed in death, their christian influence still lives, and hundreds of good men and women have risen up to pronounce blessing on their names and deeds.

At quite an early age, the writer had an aspiration for newspaper work. The hardship imposed, and the dread which came into the experience of many scholars

of olden times, when required to originate and read their own literary productions, as one of the regular school exercises, became an easy and pleasant pastime to him. The more frequently engaged in, the more agreeable the work, and better performed. His efforts were oftentimes rewarded by words of commendation from the "school-master," who never wasted words in praising that which failed to come up to his standard of merit.

The fondness for writing continued to grow with advancing years. It was the proudest moment in an old journalist's life when his eye fell upon the first article penned by him in print, in a country newspaper. So it was with the writer, when his first public production appeared in a temperance journal, published in Portland, nearly forty-five years ago. Those carefully spelled words, formed into sentences and paragraphs, occupied two and a half squares in the city newspaper. They have been sacredly preserved in a highly-prized scrap book, and to-day show as bright and readable as when clipped from the paper long years ago.

The gracious editor-in-chief, into whose hands were committed the destinies of all aspiring young newspaper correspondents, kindly allowed the products of this juvenile brain to "pass over" the waste-basket into the hands of the typos, to be "set up" for the press, and go forth and be read by men and women everywhere. Whether or not it was for the benefit of the newspaper fraternity, or the reading public, in after years that encouragement was given the writer to try again, must be decided by the influence which has been exerted on the minds and character of those who read and were governed by the opinion expressed by the correspondent and

editor of a number of newspapers that have been and now are published in the Dirigo State.

#### A CHANGE OF SITUATION.

In 1849 the writer left his home, parted from school-mates and old associates, leaving for others the work in the store, in the counting-room, and among the mail-bags, where he had many years served the public. Interested relatives, and a position more acceptable, inclined him to seek a new home among strangers in a foreign land far away, in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, now in the Dominion of Canada.

The journey to the new place of abode was full of adventures. It required hours of slow, tedious traveling in a one-horse mail wagon to reach the extreme boundary town, where passengers, mails and all movable articles were transferred to the ferry boat, which was propelled by stout men, pulling at the oars, across the bay to St. Andrews, New Brunswick, where an apology for a team was in waiting to convey the three timid human beings with their personal effects and Her Majesty's mail over a long, dismal road to St. John. It was the rainy season in December. The darkness of night and the howling of the winds, accompanied by a pelting rain, made the situation anything but an agreeable one. The warm fur coat and thick wrappings, which were closely fastened to protect the body from the sharp north winds, became burdensome when soaked with rain and stiffened by the frigid atmosphere.

When arriving at a stream which separates the turnpike, the weary horse came to a stand-still and refused to proceed, even when urged by the sharp cut of the

driver's whip. The reason for his halting was quickly ascertained by the disappearance of the bridge, which had been carried away by the freshet. On learning this fact, the occupants of the wagon became quite alarmed, as there appeared no visible way for crossing the stream. Fording it would be impossible. There was but one dwelling house in the vicinity, and that was quite a long distance away. Time was rapidly passing. The inclement weather necessitated prompt action. The man with wife and daughter was delegated to make quick steps to obtain assistance, and bring a light. The writer stood by the horse and kept things as snug as possible, while the man of whip and reins viewed the surroundings.

It was not long before the cheering rays from the lantern shone upon the despondent party. Mr. Jones and his two "grown-up sons" accompanied the messenger, and joined the travelers in a "committee of the whole," to devise ways and means to help the unfortunate ones out of their sad dilemma. By the aid of the lantern, it was ascertained that a portion of the bridge structure was anchored a short distance down the stream, and would afford a safe passage for the people to cross the water. It was with heart-felt joy that their hopes were fully realized. Each person, in turn, stepped cautiously upon the vacillating timbers, and breathlessly tip-toed over the turbid water and landed safely on the opposite shore.

The next important work to be accomplished was to convey the mails across without subjecting the carrier to a fine for getting them wet. In order to prevent such a penal offence, it was necessary to cover the bags,

and more particularly the seal bearing the broad "R," which was affixed by the post-office officials at the boundary office. This was accomplished by the use of robes and such water-proof wrappings as were at hand. When all was done that was possible to protect the mail, the bags, one at a time, were laid across the shoulders of the stalwarts and carried safely over the water.

The most difficult job now remained. How could the horse and wagon be transported? The horse could swim, but would he? That must be proved by driving him into the water. It required much coaxing, but was finally accomplished by a succession of heavy blows from the driver's whip, and other forcible measures. The wagon was the last but not the least movable appendage. That would have to be delivered in pieces. The wheels, body, seat and thills were disconnected, and placed, each side by side, on the opposite shore, to be again reconstructed. If ever there was a time that unfortunate man might pray for the power that was given to Moses, to separate the waters and allow the people to pass over dry shod, it was on that eventful night recorded by the writer.

When all was again in moving order, and the good Samaritans, who so kindly came to the rescue, were generously remunerated for their services, the party moved on to the first post-office change at Point Leproux, a small out village. Here the driver made a short tarry at a tavern for breakfast. The night had been far spent at the stream, and hunger followed the long fasting. It required some little time for mine host to serve the much-longed-for meal. The cooking was done over a



huge wood fire, in a large, old-fashioned brick fire place, with its ancient pot hooks and trammels. The family board was spread with crockery, patterned and decorated after that which graced the royal table of King George the Third, in "Ye Olden Times." The savory repast, while being prepared, came up before the hungry guests in thick clouds of smoke, laden with odors of onions and beefsteak spiced with the condiments which were in general use in those times.

At the hour of departure a north-east snow-storm set in, and it was not long before it became necessary to substitute runners for wheels, which greatly retarded progress in moving on to St. John, where Her Majesty's post-office officials made diligent inquiry into the cause of delay in the arrival of the mails. The reason assigned by the carrier—which in ordinary cases would be considered valid—was questioned somewhat, and the testimony of the passengers was necessary to put an end to all dispute. It was required of each person knowing the facts to kiss the Bible, and thereby swear to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," the officers administering the oath, adding the closing words which give sacredness to the declaration. After a few hours' rest at St. John, the party that had shared in each other's hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, by day and by night, separated, and have never met since then.

The writer sought out a better and more comfortable mode of conveyance on a fine steamer bound for Annapolis, Nova Scotia. The delightful scenery along the shores of the bay was obscured by a dense fog, and numerous fine views were shut out from view. At an early hour in the morning the steamer entered "Digby



Gut," at the mouth of the river. Here the water became smooth.

The Bay of Fundy is remarkable for its high tides, which rise with great rapidity. Strangers sometimes become greatly alarmed by the noise caused by the rushing waves over the flats. Hogs are frequently overtaken, while feeding, and are carried out to sea on the receding surf. There were numerous interesting sights from the steamer's deck. As the joyful party were being borne over the turbulent waters, the eye caught a glimpse of the historic "Blow-me-down," the "Evangeline of Arcadia." There also were the massive irons, from the overhanging high cliffs, in which the bleached bones of a notorious pirate had been exposed to the view of wicked sea-faring men centuries ago.

The journey by stage from Annapolis to Windsor was a delightful one. Along the fertile Annapolis Valley were thrifty orchards, extensive tracts of dyke lands, where immense quantities of hay were yearly harvested, also an abundance of grain and fruit. The country was rightly called the "Garden Spot of Nova Scotia."

A short tarry for refreshment was made at Windsor, with a change of team and better coach accomodations. The roads became much improved as the distance shortened to the objective point. It was near the close of day when the writer reached his new home in the old city of Halifax, and rested himself at the Waverly House, among portly English gentlemen and members of the British Parliament.

After patiently waiting until 7.30 o'clock, dinner was announced, and the guests were ushered into the spacious dining hall, to feast their eyes and satisfy their

hunger on roast beef, served in Johnny Bull style, *et cætera*, with plum pudding, pies and wines, the Second Regiment Highland Band discoursing enchanting music all the while.

#### NEW EMPLOYMENT.

A few days were spent in looking around the old city, examining the Custom House and Post-office, the Provincial Building, House of Assembly, Council Chamber and Library, Her Majesty's Dock and Ordnance Yards, the Hospital, St. George's Fort, Citadel Hill, the Blind Asylum, St. Paul's Church, Spring Gardens, and many other places of public interest.

Having satisfied the eye with seeing, the attention of the writer was called to the counting-room, with its day books and ledgers, bills of lading and large correspondence belonging to his clerical duties, which furnished employment for weeks and months.

One day the eye of the city editor of one of the leading morning dailies was attracted by a five-line item, penned by a young newspaper writer from the States, asking for a situation in newspaper work. A short interview with the managing editor secured the desired place. The propensity to "write something" had become so strongly fixed, that it was hard to turn aside the purpose, and very soon the daily routine of gathering news on the street became his regular employment.

#### HOW HE WAS MADE AN ODD FELLOW.

It was only a few months prior to the writer's arrival in Halifax that he had become eligible to membership in an Odd Fellow's lodge, by the laws of the Order.

He had a strong desire to learn its mysteries when quite young, but there was no lodge in the village where he was born and reared. There were a few worthy representatives of the Order residing in the village, members of lodges in neighboring towns. The nearest lodge was located at Eastport, seventeen miles distant. There were also lodges at Lubec, Machias, Calais, and Cherryfield, in Washington County, all well reported and in good financial standing at the time of the writer's departure from his old home. And he fully determined to unite with the Order, as soon as he was legally qualified and a favorable opportunity was offered.

In the daily rounds of newspaper work, he became acquainted with Elbridge Gerry Fuller, formerly a resident of Eastport—one of the leading business men of the city—a prominent member of the Order, and Past Grand of Acadia Lodge, No. 26, of Halifax. The writer sought an interview as the ides of March drew near, and made known to his American friend his desire to become a member of the Fraternity. His propositions were received with favor, and every assistance was given by Mr. Fuller to bring about the desired result. About that time a friendly acquaintance existed between the writer and Mr. Charles Lislle, a zealous member of the Masonic Fraternity. It being contrary to the practice of "good Masons" to proselyte, Mr. Lislle did not use any undue influence to bias the mind of his friend as to which Order he should join; but in a fair, consistent way presented some considerations "which might serve as a pointer."

It was impracticable, at that time, for the writer to compass all the good there was to be obtained by membership in both Orders, and it seemed necessary that he should then determine which one he would choose, provided that his petition should be granted in either. In the absence of dice, an English penny was called into use to signify which of the blank applications in his hands should be filled out and submitted to a representative of the Order where it must go to receive proper attention. The dumb arbitrator turned up its crown head, which signified the blank having the initials "I. O. O. F." at its head was the one for the writer to fill out. The choice had been made, and it was then left for the ballot to receive or reject the petitioner.

Those were anxious weeks of suspense and uncertainty, while the matter was under consideration within the lodge-room, secluded from the eye of him who had never crossed the threshold of any secret organization. The whisperings about the goat, the greased pole, the branding irons, and various other barbarianisms said to be practiced upon initiates into Masonic and Odd Fellows' lodges in those days, appeared to the vision of the writer. His anxiety became more intense as the time drew near for him to pass through the dreadful ordeal whereby he was to be made acquainted with the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship.

The Secretary's notice to appear at Odd Fellows' Hall on Bedford Row, April 15th, seemed to come from one whose face and hands were invisible. What took place on that eventful night will never be effaced from the memory of the initiate, or put in print, but the brother, whom is proved to be such, may know it all

when he sits in a lawful lodge of brothers with the writer. It was the old work with all its oddities. It only lacked the fine touches of the sculptor's chisel, and the delicate tints of the artist's brush, to bring out the hidden beauties of thought and language.

The initiatory ceremony was far different from that made use of by members of a secret Order which existed many years ago, and was exposed by a candidate who had been victimized and disgusted by the ridiculous performances. To what Order it belonged is not rightly known. Tradition gives it that some disappointed applicant for membership in an Odd Fellow lodge, when the Order was first introduced into America, as the "Independent Order," hoping to bring odium upon the name of Odd Fellow, published a small book setting forth "that there had been found among the personal effects of an expelled member of 'Ancient Odd Fellowship,' which existed thousands of years ago, a manuscript copy of the work and lectures of that Order, and the same had been reproduced in print by him." How much credence can be given to such a statement must be left for the reader to determine, after he has been initiated in the work of the degree of "Ingress," which the writer has been granted permission to make public in this book, without violating his obligations as a member of the Independent Order or stifling his own convictions.

#### THE ODD FELLOWS' GOAT.

"To further their cause they invented a story  
Of Odd Fellows' rites, horrid, ghastly and gory,  
Set forth at the lodge were being held nightly—  
Revelries shameful and orgies unsightly.  
Some victims were hung by the hair of the head,  
And some by the heels were dragged until half dead.

Some broiled on a grid-iron until done brown,  
Then released on condition they'd forthwith leave town;  
Some even declared they held knives to the throats  
Of candidates on their old soapy goats.  
Of course the lies took: found large hosts of believers—  
No lie so absurd but it finds some receivers."

The ordeal through which the "victim"—as the candidate was styled—passed was in the manner here described.

The victim having fully complied with all the requirements in the form of petitions, payment of fees, and having taken the primary obligations, he was escorted to the ante-room, apart from the general lodge or working-room, where he was divested of his outer apparel and clothed in loosely-fitting overalls and frock. His shoes were removed and his feet covered by long stockings. All the valuables on his person were placed in the hands of the "bag holder" of the lodge, for safe keeping. The victim's eyes were then covered by a black bandage, and he was shut out from the world. He was then brought into close contact with the branding iron, that would place upon his person marks which made it certain that he had been an Odd Fellow of the "Ancient Order." He was then instructed to cling closely to the arms of his guides, and go withersover they might lead him. The road over which he passed was a long and devious one before he reached the door or entrance to the mysterious chamber of the Odd Fellows.

After loud knocking on the wicket door, accompanied by words, in low whisperings, which were responded to by the guardian within, the right ear of the victim was placed close to the open wicket, where the warm breath

of a man quickly fell upon it. The victim was then requested to strike three heavy blows upon the door with his left foot, which were answered by the guardman in the same manner, and the interrogatory voiced through a long tin horn, "Who comes there?" "Who comes there?" The shock to the victim's ear and sensibilities was so great, that he could scarcely catch the words which came with the reply, but he thought he heard something about "A poor blind traveler who is seeking knowledge of Odd Fellowship." At that moment there was a confusion of sounds coming from conk shells, watchmen's rattles, cow bells, a discharge of small fire-arms, etc., when the door was opened and the victim ushered into the presence of the Grand Noble and his associates.

The goat was ordered to be saddled and led to the center of the hall, and the victim was assisted to a seat on his back. The goat is a veritable animal, which has been known to be used in all secret Orders since the early days of Free Masonry. The animal produced on the occasion referred to was indeed a goat, but where there was once life and bleating, the breath had gone out of its nostrils, and nothing remained but the skin, with its long white hair and crooked horns. The frame and bodily structure was wood, and small iron trucks supplied the lack of animated locomotion. The victim was placed astride the so-called goat's back, and cantered around the room by the master of ceremonies and his aids. His goatship behaved well, and the rider held a firm grip on the horns. Three rounds of the hall completed the journey to the cell of the "man of wisdom." It was the bony frame of the first



discoverer of Odd Fellowship in the world. The blinders of the victim were removed and he looked upon the remains of the "ancient of days," who opened his skeleton jaws and asked in a sepulchral voice the victim's name, age and occupation, from whence he came and whither he was journeying. Having received satisfactory answers to his interrogatories, he stretched forth his long bony hands, grasped that of the victim's and recited a lesson of morality. After this solemn service, the victim was again blindfolded and led up a flight of stairs to the top of the hall, where his hands were securely fastened behind him, and he was conducted to the front of the platform. The blinders were again removed and the guide pointed to the floor below, where appeared a large table filled with long black spikes. The victim was requested to jump, but fear caused him to refuse. Just then the stentorian voice of the Grand Noble called out, "Throw him down!" "Throw him down!" The order was executed and the victim dropped upon a soft inflated rubber cushion. The supposed spikes were also rubber, and inflicted no wounds on the person of the victim. There was more scare than harm.

After this performance the victim was conducted to the altar and placed in a kneeling posture, with the Warden's axe across his neck, which indicated the doom that would come to the betrayer of the secrets of Odd Fellowship. The victim was then instructed in the manner of working into a lodge, with the signs, pass-words and grip. The entering signal was five scratches on the door with a knife, or any hard material. The pass-word was, "Presto,—Change." The



grand or working sign was made by placing the right thumb on the end of the nose to attract the attention of the challenged party. When recognized by him, the proof of full membership was shown by adding the thumb of the left hand to the little finger of the right hand, giving it a zig-zag motion. The words accompanying the sign were: "Be you an Odd Fellow?" The reply of the challenged party, if he had been a victim, was: "So be I." The grip was made by locking the little finger with that of a brother, and bracing the toes each against each other, at the same time uttering the words: "I have been there myself." These instructions closed the work of the "Ingress" degree, and the name "brother" was substituted for that of "victim," who was declared to be entitled to all the rights and privileges of the Order.

These ancient rites were not adopted by the wise legislators of the Independent Order, and are not generally known among the pioneers of American Odd Fellowship, and it is well that they have long since passed out of any institution that takes for its motto, Friendship, Love and Truth.

It did not require much time or observation for the writer to find out what there was of good in the Order. Its teachings and practice of benevolence and charity made it plain to the most casual observer that it was a moral and fraternal institution.

The writer was constant in his attendance at the meetings of the lodge, and became deeply interested in its duties, which enlarged his capabilities for doing good. It was a privilege highly esteemed to sit among the brethren and participate in the work and business of the evening.

Having been fully instructed in the work of the five degrees, the writer was solicited to take a position among the officers of the lodge, and starting at the outer door—a post of responsibility—he worked his way up through the various stations to the Noble Grand's Chair, and was honored with the gavel.

During his term as outside guardian, he was induced to take charge of the lodge-room. For services rendered he received a small compensation. The encampment branch of the Order held its stated meetings in the same hall, and in order for the janitor to be in possession of the keys to all the secret closets, he must be a member in good standing of the Patriarchal Degrees, and they were duly conferred upon him. What might be said concerning those sublime degrees will not enter into the writer's sketch of Odd Fellow usage, or his experience in the Order, but he will note, in passing, that after diligent study and familiarity with the workings of the degrees, he was installed Chief Patriarch of Mamberton Encampment, No. 10, working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

As years passed the lodge and encampment increased in membership, and became strong and influential fraternal organizations in the Lower Province of Nova Scotia. From them were gathered good sound material to institute lodges and encampments in other towns in the jurisdiction. It was the writer's privilege to assist in instituting prosperous lodges at Londonderry and Cape Breton. The associations in the lodge and encampment, among brothers and friends, are the happiest recollections during the writer's sojourn in that country.

## CHAPTER II.

### TIME AND WAR WORK CHANGES.

To all things in this life there is an end, and a time for a change in the writer's experience was close at hand. A war was menacing in the Crimea, to which the Crown was allied. There were at that time less than a score of American citizens residing in the city of Halifax. It was decreed that they should become loyal subjects to Her Majesty's government. Neutrality in opinions and interests would not suffice. They were Yankees, and must swear allegiance to the government that afforded them protection. A pen in the hand of an alien on the editorial or reportorial staff of a so-called independent daily was a dangerous thing, and might incite the lawless to acts of insubordination. So argued the man occupying a high position in the Provincial Government. In order to prevent any breach in that direction, "The Yankee Reporter" was waited upon and requested to take the oath prescribed to become a loyal subject of the British Government. The open Bible was placed in his hands, and he was directed to "kiss the book" and have the oath administered. This he declined to do, giving as a reason that he expected to return to his home in the United States, and wished to enjoy all the privileges granted to citizens thereof without applying to the court for naturalization. The excuses offered were not sufficient to release him from complying with

the requirement of the officer, and he was informed that his services in the city would no longer be needed. The facts were quickly heralded through the streets, and commented upon by newspaper men.

It was an hour of sadness in the lodge-room, when the brothers were informed that a withdrawal card was asked for, and the writer was soon to leave the city, to return no more. Words of sorrow and deep regret were uttered. There were also words of cheer and encouragement. They hoped that he whom they had respected and loved might come among them again. Tokens of brotherly regard and kind remembrance were placed in his hand, accompanied by words of affection and favor.

Among the number who stood about the writer as he took his departure from the city, were brothers whose names and faces will never be forgotten. They were C. H. Hamilton, Noble Grand; Charles Leslie, Vice Grand; James Scott, Treasurer; Henry A. Taylor, Conductor; Elbridge G. Fuller, Degree Master; and many others.

#### RETURN TO THE OLD HOME.

Prior to the gathering war clouds and exciting times in the city of Halifax, friends and relatives of the writer, from Massachusetts, who had been engaged in business in the city and along the coast of Nova Scotia, had returned to their home in the United States, leaving the writer and his old associate, J. W. Hartshorn, of Wakefield, Mass., behind to take charge of business and represent the interests of the home company in the Province. The action of the government necessitated

a speedy settlement of the affairs, and no time was lost in accomplishing that object.

In a few days all plans were completed and the good-byes said. Then came the parting. Mr. Hartshorn boarded one of the English steamers and sailed for Boston, and the writer took passage on the old stage-coach and journeyed homeward. His days of traveling were not so eventful as were those in his coming to the city. There was a railroad conveyance from Halifax to Windsor, connections by stage and steamboats with Annapolis and St. John, onward to Eastport and Calais by boats of the International Steamship Line, extending to Portland and Boston.

It was pleasant to look into the faces of old acquaintances, as they gathered about the boat landing. There were extended warm, friendly hands, with cordial greetings. If it was not in the power to sing at that moment, it was impossible for him to suppress giving utterance to those familiar and expressive words:

“Home again, home again,  
From a foreign shore;  
And oh! It fills my soul with joy,  
To meet my friends once more.”

And those other words, the true import of which no one can fully understand until they have rested under a foreign flag:

“My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty!  
Of thee I sing.”

The first question asked by the writer, after inquiring after the health and welfare of old friends and the family circle at Eastport, was: “How is Odd Fellowship flourishing?” The interrogatory brought not a pleasant

smile on the countenance of the long-years-ago Noble Grand of Passamaquoddy Lodge.

The destroyer had been among the brothers of other days, and his works had been made manifest. The five lodges in Washington County, which had prospered by large additions to their ranks and brought money into their treasuries, were now tottering on the brink of ruin and ready to fall. The system of dues and benefits was not carefully looked after in those days. The lodge provided liberally for the care and aid of the sick and needy. The beneficial part of Odd Fellowship was then, as it is regarded by some people to-day, the leading object in our affiliation, and consider it a safe and respectable mutual relief association, and nothing more.

The first command of the Order, to visit the sick and relieve the distressed, they indorse, when it comes to be personally applied to the payment of weekly benefits; but burying the dead and educating the orphan have no claim upon them. The history of all human organizations, since the Great Master was on earth, shows that there are unprincipled men in them all. The bad seek to affiliate with the good, for protection and personal advantage. And so it comes about, that apparently strong and beautiful superstructures are frequently undermined and demolished by having unsound material wrought into them.

Thus it was in the life and death of many lodges throughout Maine, and in other States, during the dark days of 1845 to 1850, when the membership of the Order became greatly reduced and there was but little interest taken in it. Some men, who then styled themselves Odd Fellows, consented to take part and share in

the illegal distribution of lodge property, and divided the money that had sacredly been set apart for the relief of the widow and orphan, and appropriated the same to their own personal uses. The name of those who ingloriously cut themselves asunder from all the rights and privileges of the Order is legion, and many of them, like Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, have diligently sought for the inheritance with tears in days of the Order's prosperity, but they have been denied the coveted blessing.

It was a moment of great disappointment to the writer, after having expressed his desire to deposit his withdrawal card, which had come from the hands of the true brother and secretary of Acadia Lodge one week before, and become a member of Passamaquoddy Lodge, at Eastport, which was the nearest of any lodge to his home, when the acting Noble Grand uttered the words, "The lodge will shortly be defunct." It was not for lack of members or funds, but it was on the assumption that the Order had outlived its usefulness and must die. The decree had gone forth, and every member in good standing had been notified to appear at the lodge-room and take part in the distribution. At the appointed time, the chosen few assembled around the treasurer and gathered in the shekles. They also parted the raiment of blue, scarlet and purple, and scattered it abroad, to be profaned by those who took delight in casting ignominy on the beautiful temple of Friendship, Love and Truth, which had been erected in honor by the immortal six at Baltimore thirty-five years before.

The writer survived the shock, and hoped to find a home among those in other towns who had laid their



hands on the sacred altar of Odd Fellowship and pledged fidelity to its principles. He found but few persons to speak words of encouragement. What was true in the history of the lodge at Eastport was also true of other lodges in the county. Influences detrimental to the welfare and perpetuity of the Order had spread throughout eastern Maine, and the glory of the Order had departed therefrom.

The emblematic golden links, expressive of the three cardinal principles of the Order, which were presented to the writer on the evening he was installed into the office of Noble Grand, in the lodge where he first learned the lessons of Odd Fellowship, appeared on his vestments, while mingling with those who had brought dishonor to the good name of the Order. They were pointed at contemptuously, and the by-standers were told that it was the badge of the "chain gang," who robbed the treasury of Odd Fellow lodges.

All efforts to gain membership in a lodge adjacent to the writer's home having failed, the thought came over him like a night-mare, that he would never again know "how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Years came and went, and the cares of busy life engrossed the time and attention of one who had seen years and many changes pass before him. The old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind," was daily being verified in the writer's experience. He was isolated from the companionship of those whose society he loved and honored. He sought comfort in a "one idea" association, which patterned, in a small degree, after the ritualism of Odd Fellowship. Some of the forms were there, but the heart and life were lacking.



There was no corner-stone of fraternity, the soild basis upon which the forefathers wisely builded the grand superstructure of Odd Fellowship.

The thought frequently came forcibly into the mind of the writer, "Would he ever meet a brother of the Order in his secluded village?" That boon was soon to be his. There were commercial travelers in those days, as now, but their visits to country villages were less frequent than in these days of business push and competition. The men who were burdened with heavy trunks and numerous grips, who compassed sea and land to make large sales and get "wealth," occasionally found their way into obscure places, "away back" in the country. They came from the popular cities and large business centers, where all good organizations exist and thrive in spite of opposition and the evil devices of unprincipled man.

#### A BRIGHTENING SKY.

On a bright September day, in the year 1872, the writer entered Allan's Hotel, in his native village, and there was attracted by a gentleman of pleasing address and genial tenor. Within the circle of his unique watch-charm were the three golden links, wrought after the pattern of the little pin belonging to the writer, which had been shut out from the gaze of the unfriendly to Odd Fellowship for nearly twelve years. The sight nearly dazzled the eyes of the beholder. Could it be possible, thought the writer, that there stood before him a brother of the mystic tie? There was a rapid exchange of words, and the story was soon told. He was my brother and friend, Mr. T. Frank Jones, a worthy

member of Ligonias Lodge, Portland, Maine, and manager of Russell's Mercantile Agency, on Exchange Street. It was then that two hearts melted into one in a fraternal union. The writer can never forget the hour when his longing soul was made glad by the cheering news that "Odd Fellowship lives and moves, and has a perpetual existence in name and principles, throughout the entire globe." The good brother, if his eye falls upon these lines, will recall that pleasant interview.

From that day onward, diligent search was made to gain more light on the life and progress of the Order in Maine.

#### INTERESTING NEWSPAPER ITEMS.

Shortly after the event just recorded, the eye of the writer fell upon a paragraph, published in a stray copy of the *Portland Daily Advertiser*, giving an account of the public installation of the officers of Ancient Brothers' Lodge of that city, Grand Master James E. Heseltine officiating. The names of the installing officers, and some of those installed, were carefully noted in a memorandum book for future reference. In due time, while the matter was fresh in mind, the writer indited and penned a letter to Grand Master Heseltine, interrogating him on many points concerning Odd Fellowship in his city and throughout the State. Being a stranger in person to the officer addressed, it seemed proper that the writer should, in some way, show to the Grand Master that he had once been a member of the Order, to entitle him to a reply to the numerous questions propounded. The only token at hand was the

fly leaf of the by-laws of Acadia Lodge, No. 26, at Halifax, which the writer had preserved all those years. Upon it appeared his name, with title of Past Grand. The letter was forwarded by the first mail, and the much desired information came speedily. The missive contained words of kind regard, and pointed out the way whereby the lost one from the fold might return and find shelter. Thereafter, a friendly correspondence was carried on between the newly acquainted brothers of the links, and plans were devised to strengthen the bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth.

## CHAPTER III.

### A VISIT TO PORTLAND.

Not many months passed before the writer made a pilgrimage to the city of beautiful islands, to seek out the one who had sent the light of Odd Fellowship into his beclouded mind on that auspicious September morning, brought to the notice of the reader in the preceding pages.

The steamer arrived at the pier quite early in the morning, which gave the writer an opportunity to look about the "great city," full of wonders and "much people." Inquiry at the Mercantile Agency satisfied him that Mr. Jones would be "out of town" for a number of days. There was only one hope remaining, and that was to find Past Grand Master Heseltine. He, too, was on a business tour in Boston and New York. To whom could he appeal? He was a stranger among strangers. He had never been instructed in the sign of recognition, if that would be of any service to him. The day was passing, and he must find a resting place somewhere. The name "United States Hotel" sounded well in his ear. The guests must all be loyal to the flag, thought he, and he ventured to book his name under that of Hon. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire.

When the streets were lighted, and pedestrians jostled and crowded one against the other on Congress

street, it seemed a daring act for a "down-east countryman" to throw himself into the sea of moving humanity and hope to come out alive. But the adage that "those who know nothing fear nothing," may have been the saving power of the writer, when beating his way through the panic-stricken crowd, pressing their way to the scene of a great conflagration. It was not the fire he was interested in, but Exchange Street.

#### ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

The display of fine goods, in the windows of brilliantly lighted stores, attracted his attention, until a swinging sign caused him to look upwards, and his eye caught sight of a transparency displayed from the window, on which were painted familiar devices, such as the heart and hand, the three links, and the all-seeing eye, with the initials "I. O. O. F.—Welcome, Brother."

The invitation was to Odd Fellows. The writer had been one; he was then "a non-affiliated" member of the Order, and it was no fault of his that he was shut out. He hoped that he might be allowed the privilege to take a peep up the stairway. It would do no harm to try. It was twelve long years since he had crossed the threshold of an Odd Fellows' lodge. How strange it seemed, now that he was so near the asylum, and the door was closed against him. The encouraging word, "try," urged him forward up the first flight to the landing; then those other little words, "go on," helped him up the next flight, and gave him safe footing on the broad step at the entrance of the outer door. In moving about in the darkness, his hand accidentally struck against the crank of the alarm bell. The sound

brought the veteran guardian, Brother Hooper, to the door, who opened the wicket to ascertain the cause. Words failed to form a valid excuse from a supposed eavesdropper; but the gracious guardian listened attentively to the story recited by the writer, and kindly opened the door and invited "the stranger" to a seat.

What passed through the mind of the writer at that moment cannot be made intelligible to the readers. There, for the first time after long years of patient waiting, he looked upon the collars in scarlet, green, pink and blue, and the Past Grand's regalia, appropriate to the official rank which he had attained. He craved the privilege to don it, but bided his time until a more gracious opportunity came to him.

Brother Hooper became very much interested in the recital of events in the writer's experiences, and volunteered any assistance that it was in his power to render. A pleasant interchange of words followed, and the writer asked if there were any Past Grand Masters or veteran members in the lodge-room. Brother Hooper made the inquiry through the Inside Guardian, and the names of Benjamin Kingsbury and Edward P. Banks, Past Grand Masters, were announced. Those honored brothers of the Order were invited to come to the ante-room, where they were met by the writer, a stranger to them. The pleasant smile on good Brother Kingsbury's face, and his cordial shake of the hand, gave a confidence, which was strengthened by words of cheer and manifestations of brotherly regard by Brother Banks. The interview was a most pleasant one. The honored and faithful representatives of the Order listened attentively to the narrative of one who had asked for a

hearing. The story told then was the same as has been recited to the reader, as he has followed the writer up to the present time. At the close of the interview, the Past Grand Masters asked the writer: "What do you desire?" His reply was: "To enter the lodge-room and sit in the Noble Grand's chair." He was assured that his request should be granted as soon as the lodge was closed.

The time seemed long, but moments stretch out into hours when the expectant heart is waiting for the coming of some looked for good. As soon as the door was thrown open, the writer was escorted into the hall and introduced to a large number of brothers, with some of whom he now enjoys a happy acquaintance; while others have since crossed the river, and know more of the true value of the principles of Odd Fellowship than all the living. It was a late hour when the little group retired from the hall that night, and accompanied the writer to his room at the hotel.

The dream angel brought pleasant thoughts into the mind of the writer, when sleep had closed his eyes. There appeared bright visions of joy and pleasant associations among those who are linked together in our friendly Order.

On the following day a committee met at Odd Fellows' hall, to learn more definitely concerning the history of a member of the Order who had asked to be admitted to the privileges of lodge fellowship. The writer answered to the members in question, and manifested a willingness to submit to any examination that the committee might desire to make. The investigation was strict and impartial. The writer was asked to



explain and make clear many things in the unwritten work that were once his daily study and constant practice; but time had dulled his conceptions and worked confusion in his mind. The absence of the withdrawal card or other documentary evidence was against him. The card had been cast away among waste paper, in the "dark days" of his isolation from the Order. The ordeal was a most trying one, but the writer satisfied the committee, beyond a doubt, that he had once been put in the possession of the secret work of the five degrees of Odd Fellowship, but how he had obtained them was not clear to their minds,—if they entertained any doubts concerning his veracity. It was fortunate for the writer, when standing before the court of justice asking favor, that there are some things in Odd Fellowship that are known and can be explained only by those who have crossed its portals and taken upon themselves that binding and solemn obligation. When the key which could unlock those hidden mysteries was produced by the writer, the clouds of doubt, which may have been over the minds of the committee, cleared away, and a favorable and most pleasing verdict was rendered for the defendant. That day was spent in the society of new-found friends and brothers, and he was happy with brightened prospects of future good.

In the evening, when the members assembled at the hall for lodge meeting, the writer was in the ante-room to see and exchange salutations with those he had met on the previous evening. It was good to be there and stand beside those who had for many years marched in the ranks of the tried and faithful supporters of the principles of the Order; to receive their kind attention and listen to words of wisdom.



At the proper time the writer was escorted by Past Grand Masters Kingsbury and Banks to the hall, and there introduced to the Noble Grand as "an ancient Odd Fellow." That officer kindly invited him to a seat at his right hand. It was then a moment for thought. How strange the scene! All about him were brothers clothed in the regalia of the Order, and he who had supposed that Odd Fellowship in Maine was a thing of the past was one of the number, and was ready to receive the lessons taught by precept and practice in the lodge. It was then he could sing with the heart and understanding, "Home again, home again."

There came an opportunity for the writer to give expression to his feelings, but his words failed to convey what was forcing itself upon his mind. It was the picture of a sinking ship brought to land and all on board saved. The privilege of attending lodge meetings without becoming a member in regular standing was abridged, as the right of introducing "ancient Odd Fellows" was accorded only to Grand or Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Maine.

It became necessary, in order that the writer might enjoy all the rights and privileges of Odd Fellowship, that another important step should be taken. That was to obtain the requisite certificates of former membership in some lodge of the Order. That could be accomplished only by correspondence by Grand Secretary Banks, of Portland, and the Grand Secretary of the Lower Province.

In the absence of books and papers belonging to Acadia Lodge, which had lost its property by fire and surrendered its charter to the Grand Lodge of the

United States, the correspondence was referred to Grand Secretary Ridgely, who had in his possession a partly burnt book containing the records of Acadia Lodge, whereon the name of the writer was entered, showing him to have been regularly installed Noble Grand. An attested certificate was also obtained from some of the Past Officers of the lodge at Halifax, making it clear that the writer had honorably severed his connection with the lodge by a withdrawal card. These certificates were placed in the hands of Grand Secretary Banks, who issued a State card which entitled the holder to the rights and privileges of membership in any lodge that might elect him thereto.

This intricate and perplexing part of the transaction having been successfully accomplished, the next matter was to establish the fact of membership in the encampment branch of the Order. That was a more difficult work, as the writer had taken no card of withdrawal at the time of leaving Halifax, and Mamberton Encampment had become defunct a few years later. There was no Grand Encampment in the Lower Province of Nova Scotia at the time, and all reports of Subordinate Encampments were made direct to the Grand Lodge of the United States. The only authentic evidence that could be obtained of the writer's membership in Mamberton Encampment was established by certificates from past officers of the encampment, sworn to before a Justice of the Peace. These were received by Grand Scribe N. G. Cummings, of Portland, and a State card was granted.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A NEW ODD FELLOW HOME.

In the spring of 1869, the writer was living in his native village, and had in his possession the State card issued by Grand Secretary Banks. Business called him to Bangor, where he made the acquaintance of Grand Master N. G. Colton, to whom he made known his desire to re-unite with the Order. After listening attentively to the writer, the venerable Grand Master asked, "For what reason do you desire to renew your membership in the Order?" His object for putting such a pointed question was to find out the motive that prompted the applicant. The writer's answer was, "That he wished to re-unite with the Order to enjoy the privileges of attending the meetings of the lodge; to be known and hailed as a member of the Fraternity." The Grand Master questioned the point of the writer's attending the meetings of lodges in Bangor, while his home was far away in the eastern part of the State.

The State card with a petition made out in legal form was submitted to the Noble Grand of Oriental Lodge, No. 60, and passed into the Investigating Committee's hands. Accompanying the petition and fee was a written agreement signed by the writer, pledging himself that under whatever circumstances he might be placed, he would not claim benefits on account of sickness or disability so long as he should make a permanent home

in his native village, or where there were no lodges of our Order within one hundred miles from his home. The agreement was accepted as a part of the contract of membership and spread upon the records of the lodge, where it has appeared for more than twenty years. The obligation was then administered to the writer, and he was admitted into membership among the brothers in good standing.

The city of Bangor lay at the west, one hundred and fifteen miles from the writer's home. It required twenty hours of tedious journeying through towns and small villages, over hills, through burnt timber lands, and an uninteresting portion of the country. The journey was made by stage-coach by night and day.

Having again secured the rights and privileges belonging to members of the Order, it was his desire to enjoy them. The one most highly esteemed was the fraternal gatherings in the lodge-room at the regular meetings. In order to obtain the coveted boon immediately, it was necessary to make a pilgrimage to that city. The sacrifices made and the special efforts put forth to reach the goal greatly enhanced the enjoyments derived from meeting with brothers in the lodge of which the writer was acknowledged a member. The adage, "That which costs the most is the most valued," was verified in the experience of the writer while he was taking rapid steps from the stage office to Odd Fellows' Hall on Exchange street, to spend the evening hours in exchanging greeting of an exalted friendship with those who hailed and welcomed him among the fraternity of Odd Fellows. The journey was made regularly for three consecutive years by stage.

In due time railroad communication was opened over the European and North American route between St. Stephen, New Brunswick, and Bangor, Maine. The distance was increased, but the journey was made less tedious and expeditiously accomplished. The new route gave the writer an opportunity for an early morning drive of twenty-two miles by private conveyance to Calais, where he arrived in time to connect with the train on the opposite side of the St. Croix River. The road was new and rough and circuitous, and devoid of natural attraction. There were no signs of New England enterprise and thrift.

The train arrived at Bangor on the hour of opening the lodge. The writer had his choice between taking a late supper and tardy attendance at the lodge. It was to meet his brethren in the lodge that he had made the journey. The craving of appetite could be satisfied at a later hour, but the opportunity to sit in his own lodge was limited. The warm shake of a brother's hand and friendly greetings dispelled the desire for food. They were to the mind what manna was to the children of Israel, and had to satisfy the wants of the receiver for a much longer period.

During the years after the writer had regained his membership in the Order he made occasional visits to Portland, and renewed old acquaintances and made many new and pleasant ones among the members of the city lodges.

It was his pleasure to witness the grand public celebration of the Order by the lodges and encampments of the State in 1873, and enjoy a delightful sail down Casco Bay. A mammoth clam-bake was opened on

"Big Hog Island" (now Great Diamond.) It was a gala day for members of the Order, who joined in games and sports. The sound of the merry voices still rings in the ears of the writer.

Another interesting event in the memory of the writer was the dedication of the new Odd Fellows' Hall at Bangor, April 27, 1872. The ceremonies were conducted by Bro. F. M. Laughton, D. D. G. M., assisted by the officers and members of Oriental and Penobscot Lodges. There were present on that memorable occasion: Bros. N. H. Colton, P. G. M.; Aaron Rowell, P. G.; Dr. M. Preble, P. G.; G. A. Davenport, P. G.; E. F. Shaw, P. G.; and C. F. Bragg, P. G. Supper was served in Temperance Hall and the rooms of the United States Pension Agency, followed by dancing in Music Hall to music by Andrews' Orchestra. Brothers Prescott, Dakin, Fuller, Holt and Wyman were the floor managers. It was a red-letter day in the life of Bangor Odd Fellowship.

#### RETURN TO BRITISH SOIL.

In the summer of 1872 the writer was employed by the proprietor of the *Eastport Sentinel* as traveling correspondent for that paper, and given a roving commission by Editor Nutt. The wide range of territory afforded him large opportunities for seeing and "writing up" matters of interest; nothing could have pleased the writer more than to be allowed such privileges.

Among the many places visited was the city of St. John, N. B., Windsor, N. S., and his old home at Halifax, N. S. A short tarry was made at St. John, *en route* through the Province of New Brunswick. A day was

spent at the elegant residence of B. R. Lawrence, Esq., one of the leading and prosperous business men of that city. Mr. Lawrence became a member of the writer's family (in the little village referred to in the introductory chapter of this book) at an early age. There he was educated and spent most of the years of his minority in the store and counting-room. The re-union after many years of separation was a pleasant and highly enjoyable one. Mr. Lawrence was the possessor of a large landed estate, and was extensively engaged in shipping and mercantile affairs. He had at his command all the prerequisites for intellectual and social enjoyment. A handsome turnout, a span of grays with barouche, and fast sailing steam yacht, furnished all the facilities for delightful drives and harbor excursions. While comfortably resting within the home of one so nearly akin, surrounded by luxury and refinement, it would hardly be possible for an old acquaintance to fail in drinking in a full measure of enjoyment.

At the close of the day, when the streets of the city were made attractive under gas light, the writer wended his way to Odd Fellows' Hall and there made the acquaintance of brothers of the mystic links. Among the earnest workers of the Order in that city and in the Lower Province of British North America, was Hon. Andre Cushing, P. G. M. His name appears among the Past Grand Representatives in that jurisdiction to-day. The Order had made good progress during the writer's absence from the Province, and there was quite a large membership in the city and in Portland, the adjunct city, on the opposite side of the St. John's river. There were no familiar faces in the lodge-room. Time



and the reaper death, had wrought many changes. The fittings and furnishings of the "working room," that which constitutes a lodge of Odd Fellows, is always familiar to the eye of a member of the Order, whether he be at home or in a strange land,—these are household pictures in the vast domain of Odd Fellowship.

Leaving St. John the writer journeyed on to Windsor, N. S., where he spent a day and night enjoyably with a relative, the Hon. D. K. Hobart, American Consul at that port. A pleasant drive about the town afforded an excellent opportunity to "take in" all the natural attractions, business operations, and places of historic note. One of interest was the home of the late Judge Halliburton, the humorous author of "Sam Slick." Noticeable changes and improvements had been made since the writer passed through the town sixteen years before on his homeward journey to the "States." Since those days a lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows had been established in the town, which was fast gaining the favor and support of the best citizens. Mr. Hobart was one of the influential members of the lodge, and he led the way to the place of meeting, where the writer spent an hour in exchanging the greetings of an exalted friendship among new-found brothers. There were present on that occasion members of the "Manchester Unity Odd Fellows," (the English Order.) Having found much of good in the old Order they sought to know if the latter was a more excellent one. There was, they said, "but a slight variation in the 'make-up' of the key which unlocks the mysterious closets of both Orders." But that small change was the Babel that confounded the speech of the two Orders.

A few hours' travel on the Intercolonial Railway brought the writer to the City of Halifax, where he sought to find his old home on Hollis street. It had been spared the ravages of a devastating fire which had spread over the city years before. In the back yard there stood the large elm under whose branches the writer had sat many an hour during the long summer days for rest and reading. There appeared the initials of his name plainly in sight, bearing the date when the sharp point of his knife cut through the tender bark. There were numerous reminders of by-gone days about the premises. The old latch chain still hung on the outer door as it did in ye olden time. The "cat holes" in the door were open as on the night of April 1st, 18—, when the "bad boy" perpetrated a wicked "all-fools-day" prank on the venerable Grand Sire, by letting loose a large tabby cat with her feet incased in walnut shells, secured by wax. It was in the late hours of night when the feline was "scat" up the long flight of stairs, with rapping steps, through the open door into the bed-chamber of the peaceful sleeper, who was awakened by the strange sound. A cold sweat started from his forehead and he cried out in fear: "Depart from me, oh, ye tormentors!" Down in the lower hall stood the "good-for-nothing feller," splitting his sides with laughter at "the joke played on the old man."

Few familiar faces appeared on the streets. The "Old City Book Store" which in former days was kept by Mr. Elbridge Gerry Fuller (whose name is associated with that of the writer in the history of Halifax Odd Fellowship forty years ago) was at this time in possession of Mr. "Zeb" Hall, then the efficient head clerk

of the establishment. He and his associate, Mr. Thomas M. Bemis, quickly recognized the writer as he crossed the threshold of the store and extended to him a cordial greeting. Mr. Hall had followed in the footsteps of his worthy predecessor, and gained an honorable membership in our Order, and was an office-holder in Mystic Lodge.

The hours of the day were pleasantly spent in reviewing places of interest about the city. The site of old Acadia Lodge building was occupied by a large granite structure, but there remained no visible reminder of the coming and going of the brothers to their old-time weekly gatherings. But the heart of the writer was made glad when he entered the hall of Mystic Lodge. Among the wall decorations and furnishings of the officers' stations were pictures and working tools which were saved from the ruins of old Acadia Lodge. Among these were collars and aprons, a gavel, a few ode cards, the "Venerable Warden's" support, with the initials of the writer's name, cut by his own hand, under the physiognomy of that sage personage.

Henry A. Taylor, P. G. M., who conducted the writer over the devious road on the night of his initiation into the Order, was present and took a lively interest in lodge business. He conducted the ante-room examination of the writer on his visiting card, and introduced the visitor to the Noble Grand.

A son of Brother Taylor was conductor of Mystic Lodge and performed his part in the initiatory work as creditably as did his father years before he was eligible to membership in the Order. When the proper time arrived, the writer gave utterance to his pent-up feelings

and made known to the younger members of the lodge many pleasing and strange things relating to Odd Fellowship in that city in years past. At the close of the meeting he was permitted to appropriate some of the relics belonging to old Acadia Lodge, which were near to his heart. A few of these *souvenirs* he has sacredly treasured up to the present time.

## CHAPTER V.

### CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

In the spring of 1874, the writer purchased of Mr. William K. Moody a half interest in the *Somerset Reporter* newspaper and job printing office at Skowhegan, Maine, and performed the duties of editor and publisher to the best of his ability. The writer's experiences during those years of editorial life may be better described by the words of Carlton than his own :

“The editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care;

His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair;  
His arm-chair an elbow supporting, his right hand up-holding his head;

His eyes on a dusty old table, with different documents spread.

The editor dreamily pondered on several ponderous things;  
On different lines of action, and pulling of different strings.  
Upon some equivocal doings, and some unequivocal duns;  
On how few of his numerous patrons were quietly prompt paying ones.

On friends who subscribed “just to help him” and needy encouragement lent;

And had given him plenty of counsel but never had paid him a cent.

On vinegar kind-hearted people were feeding every hour;  
Who saw not the work they were doing, but wondered that printers are sour.

It ain't much to get up a paper—it needn't take long for to learn;  
He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a good strappin' fellow to turn;

And things that were once hard in doin', is easy enough now to do;  
Just keep your eye on the machine, and crack your arrangements through.

And 'tis thus with our noble profession and thus it will ever be still.

There are some who appreciate its labors, and some who perhaps never will.

But in the great time that is coming, when loudly the trumpet shall sound;

And they that have labored and rested shall come from the quivering ground;

When they who have striven and suffered to teach and enoble the race,

Shall march at the front of the column each one in his God-given place;

As they pass through the gates of the city with proud and victorious tread,

The editor, printer and 'devil,' will travel not far from the head."

Two years after taking control of the *Somerset Reporter*, the first number of the *Maine Free Mason and Odd Fellow* was issued from the same office, published by the proprietors of the *Reporter* and edited by a member of both Orders.

During the years in which the writer was engaged in newspaper publishing in Skowhegan, he received kindest attention from members of the newspaper fraternity in their editorial notices, and the free exchange of privileges in the editorial sanctum and offices. One of the enjoyments afforded was the annual re-union of the members of the Maine Press Association and the vacation excursions to States and countries remote, where new and strange sights enlightened the intellect and pleased the eye. Such rare opportunities for enjoyment and instruction could not have come to the writer through any other channel than membership in the Maine Press Association.

## EXCURSION TO QUEBEC.

One of the most interesting and memorable events connected with the writer's membership with the Maine Press Association was the vacation excursion to Quebec, Canada, in July, 1878, in which fifty-one members of the association and invited guests participated.

The party was furnished with a special train by the management of the Portland and Ogdensburg road, and permitted to enjoy a delightful ride through the mountains, during which they obtained a fine view of the Franconia range; Mts. Crawford, Pleasant, Franklin and Munroe.

From the cupola of the Sinclair House the towering peaks of the White Mountains were seen in the distance; also Mt. Washington and the Summit House.

Passing on through thriving villages, well-cultivated farms, beautiful lakes and rivers, the tourists arrived at Point Levis, which is the principal station for Quebec and Montreal steamships. At this point the party embarked on board the staunch steamer "Saguenary," of the St. Lawrence Steam Navigation Company, kindly furnished by Henry F. Bellows, Esq., of Quebec.

A very enjoyable sail of two hundred and twenty-five miles was had down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenary, passing in full view of the Isle of Orleans, where General Wolfe landed. The island is twenty miles long and is an interesting spot to American tourists. Near by it is Gross Island, the quarantine station of Quebec. The next point of interest was Murray Bay, a delightful summer resort. At Tudausae, near the entrance of the Saguenary, is the residence of the



high officials and populace of the city during the vacation season. Salmon abound in these waters and game is abundant in the woods near by. Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, and his accomplished lady, made that place their summer home.

At Ha! Ha! Bay, an interesting point of landing, a short tarry was made, and some of the party improved the opportunity to look about the quaint village.

The writer employed a native to drive him and lady friends to the old church. The vehicle furnished was a buck-board,—the French “Calash.” The driver was after the Jehu kind. He made free use of the lash and subjected the occupants of the carriage to much discomfiture when jolting over stones and rough roads.

The writer having only a vague understanding of the Canadian French language, misconceived the true meaning of the word “*mush-daw*,” and used it frequently and with vehemence, supposing the driver would more readily understand than if spoken in English, “go slow.” But “*mush-daw*,” repeated, induced the very accommodating driver to a freer use of the whip to increase the locomotion of the donkey. The French words indicating the opposite to “*mush-daw*,” or “g’lang,” were unknown to the Yankee travelers, and they were doomed to be “well shaken before taken” to the objective point.

Some idea of the character and style of the dwellings in that country may be had in looking upon the small houses built of wood, stone or logs—one story, with thatched roofs. The outside walls are covered with birch bark, secured by a strip of wood. The dwellings constructed of wood are covered by a thin coating of plaster to keep out the cold winter weather.

The scenery along the coast on our return trip was grand and picturesque. Points "Eternity" and "Trinity" came up boldly to view, rising from fifteen hundred to seventeen hundred feet. As the steamer neared the overhanging cliffs rising fifteen hundred feet above the water, the company assembled on the steamer's deck and reverently sang "Rock of Ages."

The party accepted an invitation from Lord and Lady Dufferin to a reception and tea at their quarters in the citadel, and were entertained in royal style. The citadel occupied an elevation of three hundred feet above the river and afforded a grand view of the harbor.

The Quebec Press Association tendered the fraternity a fine reception and accompanied them on a drive in coaches about the city, and to the Governor's Garden, Ursuline Convent, Laval University and other public buildings, making it one of the notable events in the life of the association.

As no opportunity is allowed to pass to visit lodges and make the acquaintance of members of the Order, the writer sought out the place of the brothers' meeting in that city, and received a cordial welcome from the Past Grand Master Kines and other prominent representatives of the Order, and learned from them much of interest concerning Odd Fellowship in the Dominion of Canada.

#### CARRABASSET LODGE.

At the time the writer located in Skowhegan, there was a lack of interest in Odd Fellowship among the members of Carrabasset Lodge, No. 34. The old workers had become worn and weary "with the heat and burdens of the day." Some of them had gone to rest and

not many of the young men were attracted by the sights and sounds of what was represented by the unfriendly to be Odd Fellowship. It was the practice of the writer to attend the weekly meetings of the lodge and speak a word for the "good and welfare" of the Order. There was a call for assistance, and it seemed to be a good opportunity for a member of the Order, who really desired to advance its interests and build up the waste places, to render such aid as he might be able by voice and pen. There was no lack in number of members enrolled or financial ability of the lodge to meet all the obligations required by the by-laws, but the causes which undermine and sever the fraternal bonds of union in good organizations had begun their work of discord in this old lodge, which had fought its way through much tribulation, and had come off victorious under the valiant leader and protector of the lodge charter, Past Grand Sawyer, whose name will go down through the annals of Maine Odd Fellowship, honored and beloved by all members of the Order.

After carefully considering the matter the writer called for a withdrawal card from Oriental Lodge at Bangor.

If the change was made in consideration of better pecuniary advantages in the payment of weekly benefits, it must be attributable to lack of judgment in the writer, as there was a difference of three dollars a week in the amount paid by the two lodges, the excess coming from the lodge the writer had taken his withdrawal from. The matter of weekly benefits or pecuniary aid had never been taken into the account of lodge membership. It would be time to seek such assistance when

the hour of sickness and want demanded it. The withdrawal card was readily granted by the old lodge and freely accepted by the members of Carrabasset, and the writer came into full membership. The State card which had been granted by the Grand Encampment of Maine was deposited in Colby (now Parmenas) Encampment of Skowhegan, and the connecting link in both branches of the Order was again made complete.

A new and active life was opening up to the writer in journalism and the work of the Order. It needed line upon line, and precept upon precept, to remove old prejudices and train the minds of well-disposed men in the right channel of thought and action regarding the nature and true objects of Odd Fellowship.

The members of the lodge resolved to work for the interest of the lodge and Order and put their resolutions into practice. Before many months had elapsed petitions for membership were placed in the hands of the Secretary. There was a new epoch in the history of the lodge. Men of business and influence sought to know more about the Order, and some of the honored and best citizens asked admission to the lodge.

The day of prosperity began to dawn and the old order of things rapidly passed away. Years came and went, but there was no retrograde movement in Odd Fellowship. The anniversary seasons were celebrated and made joyful by the presence of brethren and their wives who had been instructed in the mysteries of the Rebekah Degree.

The writer does not forget that he was made to share largely in the honors which sometimes come to the faithful worker. It is no small honor to be inducted

the second time into the chair of the Noble Grand and be twice hailed Chief Patriarch of an encampment. Such honors have fallen to the writer. Although, through misfortune, he has been shorn of the proud title he had twice gained among the patriarchs, he will never forget the sublime teachings of the "Golden Rule," which would have all men imitate the example of the perfect Master: "Whatsoever ye would that men do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

#### DARKENING CLOUDS.

Trouble, change and sickness are the lot of man, and they come unbidden. Such was the lot of the writer. The storms of adversity gathered about him, and the wind of misfortune swept away his property and health. It was then the time to test the sincerity of professed friends. There were many who stood firm and proffered a helping hand, while others vanished out of sight. Like the priest and the robber, "they passed by on the other side." But the good Samaritan was there, and extended a brother's hand and conducted him to the inn of Friendship, Love and Truth, where he was made the subject of tender care because he was an Odd Fellow.

#### NEW LODGES AND HALLS.

It was the privilege of the writer to participate in many social festivities and fraternal gatherings of the Order during the years he was serving in the various appointed and elective offices in the lodge and encampment at Skowhegan. He vividly calls to mind some of the interesting events connected with the institution of Phlentoma Lodge, No. 51, at Pittsfield, in 1877; also,

the gathering at Waterboro, at the institution of Enterprise Lodge, No. 36, in 1880, and the large assemblage of brothers and strangers at Fairfield to witness the open-air celebration and dedication of the new hall of Fairfield Lodge. The grand display by uniformed patriarchs from Portland, Lewiston and Auburn, was a novel spectacle to hundreds of people who had never before witnessed such a demonstration in Odd Fellowship. The public parade, address, banquet and exercises at North New Portland, under the auspices of Lemon Stream Lodge, were among the interesting events of the times which cling to the memory and awaken recollections of what transpired at the gathering of thousands of men, women and children to witness the demonstrations in dedicating Plymouth Lodge hall at Dexter, and the imposing ceremonies at the dedication of the new hall of Samaritan Lodge at Waterville.

There was an event of special interest which remains fresh in the memory of the writer, and which will continue with him so long as his mind is unimpaired. It was the occasion of the public installation of the officers of Carrabasset, Fairfield and Samaritan Lodges, collectively, at Coburn Hall in Skowhegan, in 1876. Brother Horace A. Toward was then Noble Grand elect, and the writer was Vice Grand elect. The installation service was conducted by District Deputy Grand Master Rackliffe, of Fairfield, assisted by other Grand Officers. The officers elect of the three lodges were seated upon the platform in full view of a large audience of witnesses. At the close of the service, a most interesting and able address was delivered by Hon. Benjamin

Kingsbury, P. G. M., of Portland. The evening of festivities closed with a banquet and dancing, in which many persons participated.

There came into the life and experience of the writer many pleasant events during his term as installing officer in the encampment branch of the Order, by virtue of a commission of D. D. G. P., issued by Grand Patriarch Joshua Davis, in 1876.



## CHAPTER VI.

### ANOTHER CHANGE.

It was a sad and trying hour when circumstances made it necessary for the writer to sever his connection with business and the old associations that had bound him for a number of years closely to the people and the town of his adoption. To seek out a new home among strangers was no easy or pleasant thing to do. But the change was made in the opening spring of 1871.

A quiet home was found within sight of Bramhall, in the "Forest City." Months of sickness and suffering followed the "new departure," but the afflicted was not left without attention and care.

"A stranger trod with weary feet  
A distant city's crowded ways;  
Along each thronged and busy street  
He passed with anxious, wistful gaze.  
No friendly glance returned his own,  
No cheerful greeting bade him stand;  
Amid the crowd he moved alone,  
And longed to grasp a brother's hand.

A strange device this sailor bore—  
Three links cut from a golden chain;  
A passer marked the badge he wore,  
And checked his speed to look again;  
Then stopped, advanced, by word and tone  
Welcomed the wanderer as his friend;  
Though stranger's glance had met his own,  
He knew he grasped a brother's hand.

There were kind brothers of the mystic circle in that city who answered the signal of distress and ministered to his needs.

There was a worthy member of Ligonía Lodge, Brother Burnell, near at hand, and he promptly obeyed the first command of our Order, and the second command was heartily fulfilled by Brother T. Frank Jones, one of the Visiting Committee of the same lodge as Brother Burnell. The same friendly hand was extended by Brother Jones in the hour of distress that was grasped by the writer, twelve years before, "away down east" in his native village. Brother Jones spared no pains to render aid and comfort to the sufferer. What was deficient in supplying pecuniary and material assistance by the lodge of which the writer was a member was generously donated by the brothers of the city lodges. They gathered daily about his bed-side and spoke words of cheer and comfort. They were messengers of mercy and good will.

When the trees were decked with soft foliage, and the bright summer sun carried joy to the heart, returning health imparted strength and vitality to the invalid, causing him to rise and stand upon his feet again.

The writer sought employment to busy his mind and hands and earn an honest livelihood. There were no vacancies in the newspaper offices to be supplied by country editors or reporters; all the avenues for obtaining work in that direction were closed. He applied to Grand Secretary Davis for a clerkship in that office, but no clerical work was required. What could he find to do? That was a serious question and there was no one who could give a satisfactory answer. "To dig he

could not, to beg he was ashamed." When those words were uttered the way was open that brought an answer to his request. Brother Davis, in his heart of pity and sympathy for one like himself physically disabled, devised a plan whereby the writer might benefit himself and at the same time disseminate Odd Fellow literature among the members of the Fraternity.

Among the various sample copies of Odd Fellow publications lying upon the Secretary's table was *The Odd Fellow's Register*—a neat, newsy monthly journal, edited and published by Mr. M. M. Reynolds, at East Greenwich, R. I. The subscription price was fifty cents a year. Brother Davis thought that a large number of subscribers might be obtained for the journal in Portland and vicinity, there being upwards of twenty-five hundred members of the Order in the six lodges. Letters of inquiry were dispatched to brother Reynolds by the writer, accompanied by endorsements from Brother Davis. In due time answer came from the publisher expressing his readiness for the writer to take hold of the paper and work up a large list of subscribers. The compensation offered was liberal and encouraged faithful efforts.

The writer thought he might be able to obtain fifty names in the city. This, as it afterward proved, showed his weak faith.

It was on a delightful August morning when a jovial company of Odd Fellows boarded an excursion train for a day's outing at Lake Maranacook, a few miles distant from the town of Winthrop on the line of the Maine Central Railroad. The day was fine and the journey was made enjoyable by music and song. Joshua

(Davis) was the leader of the chosen people. His genial countenance lit up the way and put the "boys" in good humor.

It was a day of new adventure to the writer. The first name on the *Register's* subscription list was to be obtained that day. "Who shall it be?" was the query. In the study of human nature a valuable lesson had been learned, which, if rightly heeded, might insure success to a person asking favors of his fellow-man. "The man of understanding" lays it down as a rule never to ask a person to purchase an article that he is not greatly in need of, or does not fully comprehend its value, while he is watching the hands of the clock, that he may be the first at the dinner table. A full stomach begets sociability, and the man of pleasure lets go his grip from the pocket-book or purse strings while lighting the match to regale himself with his favorite cigar. It was in such a happy frame of mind that the writer found George E. Kenworthy, Jr., Past Grand of Ancient Brothers' Lodge, on that day. It required but a few words from the representative of the *Register* to obtain that good brother's name and the amount of a subscription.

The ball had been set in motion. Other brothers followed his worthy example, and very soon the heart of the writer was made glad by many names and much money. When the hour for returning homeward came round, twenty names had been placed on the list. There was hope in the fainting heart. The work of soliciting continued daily on the streets among business men who were members of the Order, in stores, offices and work-shops. There was a ready response to the

writer's calls. In a very short time the list had increased to fifties and hundreds. Kind brothers everywhere took special delight in rendering assistance and advancing the work.

Prominent among those who rendered valuable assistance were J. Henry Crockett, P. G. M.; Philip F. Turner, P. G.; H. P. Cox, P. G. M.; Benjamin Kingsbury, P. G. M.; Wm. H. Smith, P. G. P.; Brothers David Moulton, Isaac Merrill, Jr., and our late brother George H. Cloudman, P. G., Charles Paine, Simeon Malone, and many others whose names will long be remembered by the writer for their words and deeds of love and friendship.

Before Portland had been nearly canvassed, the writer extended his work into towns adjoining the city. The members of Ammoncongion Lodge, at Cumberland Mills, were waited upon with a letter of introduction to Past Grand Edward W. Ayer, from Past Grand Master J. H. Crockett. Brother Ayer was superintendent of Messrs. S. D. Warren Co.'s paper mills in that village.

After reading the communication from Brother Crockett, Brother Ayer inquired into the subject in question, and kindly offered to render any assistance in his power to obtain the subscription of employees in the mills who might be interested in reading Odd Fellow literature. The work was quickly done and the writer not only had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the brothers of Ammoncongion Lodge, but also had the privilege of looking over the vast paper manufacturing establishment, and being instructed in the *modus operandi* by one who had been engaged in the business many years, and was thoroughly acquainted with it.

Through the efforts of Brother Ayer, the name of every member of the Order employed on the "day tower" was obtained. Others were secured on the following day until the full membership of the lodge were made patrons of the *Register*.

The writer was also indebted to brothers C. W. Mace, A. C. Chute, C. W. Foy, C. B. Holt, H. A. Hunt and D. T. Swain for favors and friendly assistance. With the opening spring came large additions of names and money.

It was a part of the writer's duty, in increasing the circulation and welfare of the *Register*, to furnish monthly letters for publication, "writing up" lodge news, the week's happenings, and pleasant events connected with excursions, social gatherings, etc. This was an agreeable duty to person, but unsatisfactory for the reason that the paper was small and allowed limited space to correspondents.

The writer's first letter appeared in the September number, 1881. That was a specially marked paper, displaying on the first page an excellent wood-cut picture of Odd Fellows' Hall, Boston. The two hundred and fifty subscribers who received that number perused it with great interest. It was a clean, bright sheet filled with interesting and instructive matter of interest to the Order. In addition to the writer's letters, it contained the usual monthly installment of Maine news from the pen of "R. G. D.," who had been a regular and valuable correspondent of the paper for a number of years.

The little paper gained popularity wherever it was introduced. The writer visited Saco, Biddeford, Lewiston,

Auburn, Hallowell, Gardiner, Augusta, Belfast, Rockland and Bath, and within a few months a large portion of the State was canvassed and hundreds of names swelled the list to thousands. The success of the writer far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. It even astonished the editor and publisher, who was at times perplexed in calculating the number of sheets necessary to supply the large orders for "new subs." The good State of Maine with its fourteen thousand Odd Fellows was passed by for a season, and the old "Bay State" was made the field of canvass.

In order to start right and win success in the "new departure," it was deemed advisable for the writer to carry with him proper vouchers and letters of introduction to obtain the acquaintance and co-operation of brothers and friends. Accordingly, carefully written letters were obtained from Silas W. Cook, G. M.; Joshua Davis, Grand Secretary; Henry P. Cox, P. G. M.; Byron Kimball, P. G. M.; and William H. Smith, P. G. R.; J. Henry Crockett, D. G. M., with other Grand Officers and prominent members of the Order in Maine.

The first lodge visited by the writer was Richard W. Drown, in the city of Lynn, and the first brother to extend the hand of welcome on that memorable evening was Brother E. K. Storer, the first Past Grand of that new lodge. He was formerly a resident of Richmond, Maine, and there went out from his heart tender emotions of brotherly regard for one who hailed from his native State.

The young lodge had much business to transact. The attendance was large and the brothers were earnest in



their work. It was a late hour when "good and welfare" was announced, but the members remained to learn what the visiting brother had to say, and all listened attentively. There was a ready response to the call for subscriptions to the only journal of Odd Fellowship published in New England.

The writer remained in the city two weeks, visiting shoe shops, climbing long flights of stairs into the third and fourth stories of massive brick blocks. It was a difficult and laborious job to perform. Oftentimes the uninitiated was obliged to depend on a faithful guide to conduct him safely through the devious ways to St. Crispin's retreat. But perseverance and push made it possible to surmount all difficulties. The adage that "Shoemakers spend their money freely," was verified in the experience of the writer, when he appeared among them. In less than a fortnight over two hundred names were added to the subscription list in that city.

#### A VISIT TO RHODE ISLAND.

The ball was kept rolling night and day. When the last installment of names and money had been received by the publisher of the *Register*, he sent a kind invitation to the writer to visit him at his home in East Greenwich, R. I. The request was in accord with the desire of the writer, who lost no time in making the necessary preparation for the journey, taking the early morning train for Boston and Providence.

It was at a late hour in the afternoon when the writer entered Mr. Reynold's office and made himself known to the knight of the quill. The portrait which had been drawn in the writer's imagination of the physiognomy

and corporeal make-up of the person he was addressing was far from being correct. But he was found to be a true gentleman, a genial companion, and an earnest, wholesome Odd Fellow. His hand was open to welcome, and his home was made a pleasant and comfortable retreat for the writer, his most estimable wife putting forth her best endeavors to provide for the comfort and enjoyment of the sojourner.

Brother Reynolds was of a musical turn, and he found pleasure and entertainment, after the close of long weary days in newspaper work, in drawing the bow, which brought forth strains of inspiring music from his much-cherished violin. There was a richness and harmonious blending of sweet sounds under his manipulation of the strings.

The editor of the *Register* had labored hard for a number of years to give character and influence to the paper, but like many other faithful and well-deserving society journalists, his efforts were not fully appreciated by those who should have given him their support. The maxim that "The prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and among his own kin," was daily verified in Brother Reynold's experience as a producer of Odd Fellow literature.

The populous and beautiful city of Providence, sixteen miles away from the home of the *Register*, furnished numerous daily and weekly publications, with their busy reporters and correspondents ever on the alert to gather up and spread before the public news and gossip of every kind to interest all classes of readers. The Odd Fellow lodges and encampments in the city and surrounding country furnished their part of the society

news, which was caught up by the reporters belonging to the Order and by others who had communicative friends who were "posted" on what was going on that could be worked into newspaper items. The regular Sunday morning edition of the daily papers devoted a liberal space to "Society Melange." Every week's events in lodge, encampment, and particularly in the Rebekah lodges, were chronicled in a most pleasing manner. The clever reporter was sure to get the name of the fair office bearer in the Rebekah Lodge and picture her well-merited accomplishments in pleasing colors. Names in print are often as lasting in the memory as those cut deep into the polished marble. The daily and weekly news-gleaners left little that had not been read and re-read by the seekers after society news for the publisher of a monthly journal that was devoted exclusively to the dissemination of whatever tended to the good and welfare of the Order to which it was dedicated, and thus it was that the strong pressed hard upon the weak and placed hindrances in the way of the growth and progress of the little paper.

But Brother Reynolds had firmly resolved within his own mind, that he would carry on the enterprise even in the face of all obstructions. The subscription list in his own town, as well as in many other towns and cities in the State, plainly showed that members of the Order did not patronize their home society journal.

It was the pleasure of the writer to accompany Brother Reynolds to Providence, a few days after having made that brother's personal acquaintance, and was introduced by him to a number of the prominent officers of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island and interested

members of the fraternity, who were solicited to aid the writer in obtaining names and subscriptions for the *Register*.

#### PROVIDENCE NEWSPAPERS.

The writer visited most of the newspaper offices in the city and enjoyed a pleasant interview with the editors of the city papers. From each he received the kindest attention and courtesies. A card of introduction was published in each Sunday morning paper, which opened the way for the writer to be known among the business men, and told the nature of his work among them.

The call was met with a ready response. Everywhere the writer went he was received by a friendly hand and pleasant words. Among the first to speak words of encouragement were our late respected brother Grand Representative William S. Johnson and Grand Representative Hon. Gilbert F. Robbins. They had been regular patrons of the *Register* for years, and they now pledged themselves anew to its future support. Their words and acts were seconded by Past Grand Representative Lindsey Anderson, Grand Master Hollis M. Coombs, Past Grand Patriarch Edwin A. Beasley, Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe Allen Jencks, Past Grand Peter Trumpler, city editor of the *Telegraph* and formerly connected with the *Register*, when published in Providence. In a few days nearly one hundred names were placed on the list of city subscribers. Lodges in the suburban towns were visited and success followed the efforts of the writer everywhere. It is pleasant for him to recall the names of the places he

visited and in fancy see before his face those who greeted him so kindly.

Miles of territory were traversed in "doing" Auburn, Pawtucket, Central Falls, Woonsocket, Westerly, Warren, Bristol, Wickford, Appanaug, East Greenwich, Newport, Little Compton, and other towns and cities in the State.

In all the places where the writer visited there are many good brothers whose names he recalls as he writes, and he hopes at some future day to take some of them by the hand and enjoy a social interview.

The special object of the writer's visit to Rhode Island having been satisfactorily accomplished, he returned to Massachusetts and continued his work, visiting Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Salem, Lynn, Charlestown, Cambridge, Chelsea, Beverly, Newburyport, New Bedford, and many other places where Odd Fellowship flourishes. His best and pleasantest work was effected in Lynn, Salem, Chelsea and Peabody.

At Salem he was made the special object of kind attention by Grand Master Hon. Wm. M. Hill, then mayor of that city, who stood at the head of the Order in that State. It was an easy and pleasant work to obtain subscribers to the *Register* with the mayor and Grand Master in the van. The list in that city was headed "Dirigo," having the largest number of names of any city in the State.

Mrs. Ellen M. Buxton, of Peabody, Mass., occupied a prominent place in the Rebekah department of the paper, with interesting letters and remittances from new subscribers.

Later in the season the writer visited portions of Vermont, Connecticut and New Hampshire, and strayed

from his quiet New England shores to the great metropolis of North America, the city of all nations, tongues and creeds. He also sat among brethren of our friendly Order in the "City of Brotherly Love," where he was warmly greeted by his Dutch brother and partook of food beneath his patriarchal tent.

The interests of the *Register* were carefully looked after in the Nutmeg State by Past Grand D. C. Winans of New Haven, assisted by Brother George C. Lovering of that city.

On a more recent visit to New Haven, the writer made a most pleasant acquaintance with Past Grand Master and Past Grand Representative George N. Moses, Secretary of the Connecticut Odd Fellows' State Relief Association. Brother Moses is among the warmest friends of the writer's acquaintance in that section of the country.

There are many pleasing incidents connected with the writer's life while engaged in conducting the affairs of the *Register* abroad. Some of them have found a special place in his journal and may be wrought into his notes in this publication to add interest to the many things brought forth, though it will be impossible to go fully into detail.

#### GERMAN LODGES.

On one occasion the writer was kindly asked by a warm-hearted German brother—"Dutchmen" they are called—to attend the meeting of Germania Lodge in the city of New Haven, Connecticut. The writer accepted the invitation and was present with the brethren. The work, in their national language, was creditably

performed so far as the floor movements went. The rendering of the rituals was spoken in a foreign dialect, and the writer, having never been instructed in that language, was ignorant of whatever errors there might have occurred. After conferring the Initiatory Degree upon a stalwart, who manifested delight while passing through the ordeal, the Noble Grand—through an English speaking brother and countryman—called upon the writer for some remarks “on the good and welfare of the Order.” As a rule resident Germans and other foreign-born business men in the United States understand better the speech of Americans than they are understood by people untaught in their own language. So it was in the case of the writer. His words they heard and understood quite well.

The Dutch brethren were not interested in dry statistics and matters relating to lodge work. They “wanted something good and funny.” The writer’s extensive travels had put him in the way of seeing and hearing many things which, if put upon the lips of a glib-tongued narrator, might excite the risibilities of the most fastidious. The Dutchmen attribute their good health and corpulency to much laughter and jovial nature. The clamorings for “something good and funny” induced the writer to call back his boyhood’s days and tell a story which greatly pleased “the boys,” and they invited him to take supper with them. Reader, have you ever been at a “Dutch sit-down?” There is plenty to eat and “lots of fun,” as young America speaks it. The menu is a savory one, consisting of esculents generally relished by the Dutch connoisseur. The free use of their national beverage entered largely into the festivities.



There was no lack of fine vocal music by a volunteer quartette. The writer was kindly treated and highly entertained by the brothers of Germania Lodge on that occasion, and he has since sought opportunity to mingle in their councils.

The writer had frequent opportunities for meeting with the brothers at large, in their lodges and social gatherings, on excursions, at banquets, in celebrating anniversaries and memorable events. The occasions of special interest were the meetings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in Boston, and the session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge held at Providence, in 1883, where he was admitted to a seat during the business deliberations of that august body, through the courtesy of Henry P. Cox, Past Grand Representative of Maine, Acting Grand Guardian, and William T. Johnson, Grand Representative of Rhode Island.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE REGISTER COMES TO MAINE.

The circulation of the *Register* up to July, 1883, had reached nearly four thousand. A large portion of the subscribers were obtained by the writer's personal efforts. About that time Brother Reynolds had decided to make a change in his business and leave the town where he had been engaged in newspaper publishing and job printing for a number of years. The question then arose, "what disposition should he make of the *Register*?" "It would have to be sold or discontinued. Who would purchase and continue to publish it?" The larger part of its patrons resided in Maine, and it had fairly become a Maine paper. While these questions were revolving in the mind of the proprietor, he submitted the matter to the writer and offered him the property, with the suggestion that Portland be the place of publication.

The proposition was a fair and liberal one, but then there were serious difficulties in the way of the writer's accepting. It required money to purchase and publish newspapers of any sort, and in this case, as in the purchase of "steamboats when offered for the small sum of one dime each," there were no purchasers for the lack of the dime. The would-be buyer closely examined his bank book to see if there was placed to his credit the amount required to make him owner of the *The Odd Fellows' Register* and all its belongings. There appeared

only one cent to his credit on the balance sheet. Frequent correspondence passed between Brother Reynolds and the writer, and at the expiration of three weeks the papers transferring the *Register* property and a check for the amount required for its purchase were exchanged by the owner of the paper and the writer, making him the new proprietor. The funds needed to change the ownership came from a brother possessing a large heart and able in every way to fulfill his obligations. The name of the benefactor will appear as the reader nears the sequel of the history of the *Register*.

In July, 1883, Brother Reynolds, with his wife, visited Portland and passed a week at the home of the writer at Woodford's Corner, one mile from the city. Their visit was an enjoyable one to the writer and his family, and there is reason to suppose that it was equally pleasant to the visitors, as every effort was put forth to make their sojourn an enjoyable one. The brother and his wife expressed themselves greatly pleased with the natural beauties of Portland, its fine harbor, expansive bay, and attractive islands. The views from the eastern and western promenades exceeded in beauty, they said, anything that they had witnessed in "Little Rhody." Providence clams and scallops are greatly esteemed by connoisseurs of the delicious bivalve when brought from "Rocky Point," and served in royal style to Odd Fellow excursionists from "away down in Maine," but clams fried or baked by the experienced caterer at the Peak's Island House, and served by mine host Sawyer, were pronounced by Brother Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds equal in quality to any they had ever tasted grown in the flats of Narragansett Bay.

An evening was pleasantly spent by Brother Reynolds with the members of Maine Lodge in Portland. Their beautiful hall with its rich appointments was closely inspected by the visiting brother and made the theme of comment.

The first number of the *Register*, under its new management, was issued August, 1883, from the printing office of Ford & Rich, Exchange street, Portland. It contained a letter from Brother Reynolds giving his impressions on visiting Portland and its surroundings.

The labors and perplexities of the writer were now increased four-fold by assuming the care and responsibility of personally conducting the paper as editor, publisher, solicitor and collector. The position he then occupied was that of man-of-all-work. The duties in each department were as faithfully performed as it was in the power of a feeble man to do. Often times the only consolation to be found came from heeding the admonition of the wise man, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh," when he laid aside the pen. If Solomon had lived in these days of fast presses, sending forth thousands of daily, weekly and monthly publications, he might have added another maxim, "that the man who does such things will not live out half his days." Half of the writer's days have been spent in editing, publishing, or in some way contributing to the interest and support of many papers at home or abroad. Seldom anything escaped his eye or pen. It is the notice of little things that tells in newspaper editing. In the words of the esteemed Scottish bard,

“If there’s a hole in a’ your coats,  
I rede you tent it;  
A chield’s amang you taking notes,  
And faith he’ll prent it.”

In the publication of the *Register* the same ground was canvassed over and over again. Long days and sleepless nights were spent in the work necessary to make the paper worthy the patronage of those who contributed to its support.

Lodges and encampments in all parts of the New England States were regularly and frequently visited. The editor’s note-book and pencil were always at hand to record any matter new or interesting to the fraternity. Newspaper work requires one continuous round of thought and effort, and more particularly is this the case in endeavoring to make an acceptable society journal. “Your news is past the time,—old and stale,” was the oft-repeated salutation uttered by croakers and heartless men. Complaints of large and small slights came to the editor’s ears. Whether these so-called slights were really intended to wound the feelings or injure the good name of a brother man, the much-abused (?) ones said naught. Acts sometimes speak louder than words.

“O wad some Pow’r the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as other see us;  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
And foolish notion.”

The writer of “personals” in a country newspaper, if it be an Odd Fellow or other society journal, occupies no enviable position. Great things are expected of the scribe. Merit must receive its full measure of praise, no matter if the editor has to “slop over” to find adjectives in giving color to the picture.

If everything worthy of note in the conduct of lodge and encampment officers; their excellent manner of rendering the work of the degrees; the fine exhibition of dramatic or musical talent by scholarly brothers or sister Rebekahs should be printed, every one of them, "I do not think the world itself could contain the books they were written in."

It was the honest intention of the new editor of the *Register* to render fair and impartial judgment when commenting on personal merit. If he erred in judgment or overlooked important points, he, like the criminal under sentence at the bar, is willing to be forgiven. "To err is human, to forgive divine."

In the second round of travels throughout the New England States, the writer's relations to the patrons of the *Register* were changed from solicitor and correspondent to that of editor and proprietor. The change offered him larger advantages and better opportunities for association and acquaintance with members of the Fraternity. He always received a cordial welcome in the lodges and encampments, and around the family board of hospitable brothers. The patriarch's tent was always open to the weary traveler.

The writer has frequently been called upon to enter the house of mourning and stand beside the casket containing the remains of a departed brother with whom he had only a few months before taken sweet counsel. He has seen the mower's scythe cut down a young brother just entering the pride of his manhood, and there learned the lessons of mortality,—that death is in the world, and the destroyer among the works of the Almighty: all that is born must die.

While the aged and young were passing out of this life into a brighter and better, scores of worthy, intelligent young men were coming into the light of Odd Fellowship. It has been the privilege of the writer to welcome to the altar of Friendship, Love and Truth, hundreds of new-made brothers during his visits to lodges in the several States.

Among the events of special note during the years of the writer's editorial work on the *Register*, in which he took a personal interest, was the institution of Old Hickory Lodge at Newport, Presumpscot Lodge at Falmouth, Fraternity Lodge at Woodfords, Elizabeth City Lodge at South Portland, Canton Encampment at Canton, Maine, and Fraternity Encampment at Salem, Mass., with numerous fraternal greetings among Past Grands and Past Chief Patriarchs in the Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments of Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

The best opportunity for receiving instruction and enjoyment was in witnessing the conferring of degrees by staffs or teams. The first lodge in Maine to organize a team and render the dramatized work was Norway Lodge, with Past Grand J. W. Crommett, Degree Master. This team gained notoriety throughout the State, and gave a grand exhibition in conferring the initiatory and work of the three degrees before the officers of the Grand Lodge of Maine, in 1886. There were a large number present from lodges in the State, and all took a lively interest in the rendering of the work.

At a later date Norway Lodge Degree Staff, under the leadership of J. W. Crommett, Degree Master, brought honor and praise to itself in the exemplification



of the sublime work of the first and second degrees. The occasion was a fraternal visit of the staff to Hadattah Lodge, No. 118, of Portland, Wednesday evening June 19, 1889. When it became known to the members of the Fraternity of the different lodges in the city, that Norway Lodge Degree Staff was to visit Hadattah Lodge, a general interest was awakened to witness the work performed by the staff that had become so famous throughout the State for doing "splendid work."

Long before the hour for opening the lodge, nearly every seat in the large hall was occupied, and the floor work space was encroached upon to accommodate the large numbers of interested witnesses. Such a pen picture as it might be in the power of the writer to give in this book would fail to convey to the reader more than a faint idea of the beauty and grandeur of the production and fine dramatic rendering and oratory. Every brother present was fascinated by the pageant.

At the close of the lodge-room exercises, which came at a late hour of the night, the officers and members escorted the guests to the banquet hall, where a sumptuous repast was served and the brethren spent a season of pleasant re-union around the festive board.

Since the organization of Norway Lodge degree team, other lodges have taken up the work and made a fine showing. The writer has been privileged to witness exhibitions by degree teams in Androscoggin, Abou Ben Adhem, Samaritan, Golden Rule, Ancient Brothers, Manufacturers and Mechanics, Penobscot, Waldo, Saco, Granite, Knox, Cumberland, Phlentoma, Fairfield, and Livermore Falls Lodges. A spirit of laudable emulation

was manifested among the members of degree teams in the lodges throughout Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. In many of the lodges the paraphernalia was elaborate and expensive.

Past Grand C. W. Mutell, of Springfield, Mass., was the first to dramatize the degree work and was degree master of the famous De Soto Degree Staff, which presented the new work before the Sovereign Grand Lodge at Baltimore in 1882. He also designed the first complete outfit for conferring the degrees. The equipment was elegant and fully in accord with the place it occupied in giving life and character to the impressive work.

There were few degree teams that could excel Canonicus Lodge team at Providence, R. I., in the early days of rendering the new work. In 1885, the late Grand Representative W. S. Johnson was at the head of the Order in that city, and brought out his part of the work in the three degrees with pleasing effect before the Representatives of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, then in session in Providence. The writer was made the recipient of many favors on that memorable occasion. It was a red-letter day in the history of the Order.

By the special invitation of Grand Representative Johnson and members of Canonicus Lodge degree team, the Grand Sire and a large number of the Grand Representatives assembled at Odd Fellows' Hall in the afternoon. The writer, then editor of the *Register*, was privileged to occupy a seat with Deputy Grand Sire Hon. John H. White, of New York, and witness the work of the three degrees exemplified in fine dramatic style. Brother Johnson entered with life and soul into

everything that pertained to the good and welfare of Odd Fellowship. He and Grand Representative Robbins were honored and animated by the presence of a large number of colleagues in the highest council of the Order. It was the time for accepting or rejecting the new way of rendering the work by lodges at the South and West and on the Pacific coast. The projectors and earnest supporters of the sublime work well understood that first impressions are the best, and will impel those influenced by word or act to speedy and effective effort.

There were present on that occasion men possessing strong prejudices against removing old land-marks or making inroads in the long-traveled path of former days. But after witnessing the sublime work there were no dissenting voices on the adoption and universal practice of the dramatical work as exhibited by the able and efficient staff of Canonius Lodge.

The history of the "new departure" in lodges throughout the jurisdiction, represented by those who witnessed the work, shows that a pleasing advance has been made in the rendering of degree work and great good has come to the Order thereby.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEGREE OF REBEKAH.

The laws regulating the qualification for office in Subordinate Lodges in former years made it obligatory upon the Noble Grand to be in possession of the Rebekah Degree and able to confer the same on all the scarlet members and their wives, when applied for in open lodge. Under the existing laws, while the writer served his term as Noble Grand of Carrabasset Lodge, it was his privilege to admit to the Degree of Rebekah a large number of brothers and their wives. These occasions were made seasons of social enjoyment and pleasant reunion. The object and designs of the degree were fully realized by those who participated in its work and festivities, and there went out from the circle of its membership a genial influence.

The degree was originated by Grand Representatives Schuyler Colfax of Indiana, Wm. T. Martin of Mississippi, and E. G. Steele of Tennessee. Its object was to unite the wives and members in the work of Odd Fellowship.

It is the work of woman to do good. Men need banding together to stimulate their better affection, but in woman benevolence and humanity are spontaneous. The great traveler Ledyard truly says: "I have observed among all nations that the women are the same kind, civil, obliging, human, tender beings. They are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and

modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action."

To the widow and orphan a portion of the benefits of our Order belongs, and it was for holy purposes that the degree was established. When death comes and removes the husband and father from the home, there is felt the obligation "to relieve the distressed, bury the dead and educate the orphan." Strong hands and warm hearts form a protection around the afflicted and helpless to supply their wants, and aid her and hers for the sake of him whom they are pledged to love.

"Fading not when life has perished,  
Living still beyond the tomb."

Time changes and new officers enact new laws. The doors of the council chamber of Rebekahs are now closed against those who have not been instructed in the mysteries of the degree in a legally constituted lodge of that degree and pay tribute to its laws and support. A knowledge of that degree work is no longer made a requisite qualification for eligibility to the office of Noble Grand.

Perhaps any further eulogium on this beautiful degree and the manner of its rendering by the scholarly lady officers may be regarded as presumptuous on the part of the writer, who, like many very wise (?) people outside of Odd Fellowship, claims to "know it all," though having never crossed its threshold.

#### PATRIARCHS MILITANT.

Although the writer has no membership acquaintance with this excellent branch of Odd Fellowship, he is conversant with its origin and is as familiar with its

history and growth as any person who has not been made a chevalier.

Men in all ages of the world have manifested a desire for rank and title in military and civic organizations to appear in public and parade on special occasions. It would not be strange that among the large membership of our Order there should be men aspiring to such titles and honors as are conferred by other fraternal secret organizations.

The legislators in the councils of Odd Fellowship are men of wisdom, discernment and progress. They have labored to make the Order attractive and pleasing, as well as fraternal and beneficial.

Legislation on a higher degree above the royal purple has been fraught with many changes during the last decade, and has called forth much discussion among the friends and opponents of the measures which have been adopted from time to time.

The degree of Patriarchs Militant is now fully endorsed by all loyal members of the Order throughout its entire jurisdiction, and there are large practical advantages growing out of it. The ranks of the Order are swelled by it; the finances of lodges and encampments are made stronger and are less liable to suffer loss by the "non-payment of members dues," while they hold covert positions in the military branch.

While age, disability and death are drawing heavily upon the membership and funds of old lodges, their ranks and treasury are being replenished by vigorous youth who must cross the portals of the lodge and advance step by step through all its gradations before they stand with sword erect in the ranks of the chevalier.

It is the young blood that keeps alive and active all good organizations, and thus it will be throughout all coming generations.

The writer will not devote more space in setting forth the beauties and advantages of this branch of the Order, as they are daily being demonstrated in almost every community where Odd Fellowship has its stronghold.

Among the notable public events in which the Patriarchs Militant have been the central figure of attraction, the writer takes pleasure in mentioning some of the special occasions on which he was privileged to be present and witness the grand pageants. On the 26th of April, 1887, Grand Canton Ridgely, No. 2, of Portland, gave a complimentary reception to Maj.-Gen. O. B. Whitten and staff at City Hall. There were a large number of prominent members of the Order present—residents of Portland and abroad. Among the invited guests was Brig.-Gen. L. P. Woodbury, of Lewiston, and staff, with officers and Cantons from other parts of the State.

In the year 1888, Grand Canton Ridgely of Portland, held a fair commencing April 23d. and continuing five days. There were entertainments and a drill every evening, calling out a large attendance at City Hall. One of the most interesting and enjoyable features of the occasion was a drill by Grand Canton Dearborn of Biddeford. It equalled anything in society display that had been witnessed in the city before. The fair and everything connected with it was a splendid success. The financial exhibit of the treasurer, Captain C. F. Tobie, showed a clear cash balance of nearly four thousand dollars. The figures were highly satisfactory to those who were in any way interested in the result.



On the seventieth anniversary of the introduction of Odd Fellowship into America, Grand Canton Ridgely, No. 2, of Portland, gave a splendid entertainment at City Hall, comprising a band concert by Collins' Band. The second number on the programme was conferring the "Decoration of Chivalry" upon Maj.-Gen. O. B. Whitten, of the Division of the East, and Major F. L. Moseley, commanding the second battalion of the First Regiment of Maine, which was performed with imposing ceremonies. The entertainment of the evening closed with the grand march and ball in which hundreds of Odd Fellows and the lovers of the terpsichorean art participated.

On February 27, 1889, Grand Canton Dearborn, No. 4, tendered to His Excellency Governor Burleigh and staff a complimentary reception at City Hall, Saco, which was a magnificent affair. Canton Dearborn is composed of members of the Royal Purple Degree in the encampments of Saco and Biddeford.

After its organization this Canton placed an order for one hundred and thirty-eight uniforms, which is the largest number procured by any Canton in the State at one time. The Patriarchs Militant branch of the Order in those cities is rapidly gaining in membership and public favor.

Commencing February 12, 1889, the Odd Fellows of Lewiston and Auburn, under the auspices of Grand Canton Worombus, No. 1, held a successful three-days fair at City Hall, Lewiston, which was largely patronized and brought thousands of dollars into their treasury. On the closing evening, February 15th, a grand reception and ball was given His Excellency Governor Burleigh

and staff. It was a most brilliant affair, eclipsing anything of the kind ever given in those cities.

Canton Columbia, No. 11, of North Berwick, Me., made a fine display in a street parade and drill, May 1, 1889, under the command of its worthy and honored captain William H. Austin. Nearly every patriarch of Columbia Encampment is a member of the Canton and all take a lively interest in that branch of the Order.

At the time of the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, held in Boston, September, 1886, out of the forty-three patriarchs of Columbia Encampment there were thirty-nine uniformed members of the Canton present, and all took part in the parade on that memorable occasion.

During the winter of 1888, the writer passed a few weeks enjoyably in the city of New Haven, Conn., among members of the Fraternity. Through the kindness of Major George N. Moses, of a flourishing Canton in that city, he was permitted to enjoy a fine band concert preparatory to the grand exhibition drill in Music Hall. It was a State affair and elicited the encomiums of a large and appreciative audience.

Many pages of this book might be devoted to pleasant reminiscences concerning this popular and influential degree of Odd Fellowship, which is a strong link in the binding of the young members firmly together.

#### WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE LODGE-ROOM.

If the members of our Order regard the lodge as their family, it is right and proper that they make the home as pleasant and attractive as possible. The Odd Fellow Fraternity, like other more ancient and wide-spread

Orders, "is progressive in its character." The members are quick to learn and ready to improve in everything that tends to elevate and ennoble mankind. The laws of our Order make it obligatory upon lodges and encampments to have a careful watch over the treasury and restricts the extravagant expenditure of money in the fittings and furnishings of lodge halls and paraphernalia.

In most of the populous cities and large business centers where there are two or more lodges, there exists a laudable spirit of rivalry among the members to hold by ownership or rental large and beautifully furnished halls where they can enjoy the weekly meeting, surrounded by comfort and costly art decorations. In many places the retreat of Odd Fellows is among the rich draperies of scarlet and blue.

The attractions of the lodge-room often have much to do with creating an interest in the business and work of the lodge. Especially is this the case with persons who have never before been brought under the genial influences of social society. The mind of the initiate is diverted from business perplexities and domestic care, when surrounded by bright faces, pleasant smiles, and enticed by friendly words mingling in sweet accord with music and song in the beautiful home of pledged brothers.

Perhaps it may afford entertainment for the reader to accompany one who during the past eight years has sat in hundreds of different lodge-rooms in our thriving New England cities and towns, and take special notice of the architectural structure and beautiful internal appointments. Doubtless some reader will find himself

comfortably resting in the chair of the Noble or Vice Grand of the lodge-room which the writer is describing as he journeys from State to State and from city to city.

As there must be a starting point to everything in this life, the guide will conduct the reader in vision to the hall nearest the pen of the writer. It is located on Congress street in Portland, the beautiful Forest City of Maine. Nearly every Past Grand in the jurisdiction has found it a pleasant resting place during the sessions of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment within the last twelve years.

The main lodge hall is a spacious apartment with numerous ante and committee rooms elegantly fitted up and furnished at a large expense by the six lodges that occupy it weekly. It is the finest lodge hall in the State. On the same floor is a smaller hall, fully and handsomely equipped for lodge purposes, and is occupied weekly by Hadattah Lodge and Ivy Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah. On the third floor is the encampment hall of large dimensions, with its rich drapings of royal purple and gold. Here the tents of the patriarchs of four encampments are pitched, and many a weary traveler has found shelter and rest inside their portals. The Patriarchs Militant hold their stated conclaves within its walls and buckle on their armor for duty and public display. There are ample armory accommodations. The room is thirty-five feet by twelve feet, adjoining the main encampment hall. It is fitted up in fine style with all the appliances for convenience and safe-keeping of the chevaliers' equipments.

In the "Lime Rock City," Rockland, where Knox Lodge occupies a beautiful large hall, which was procured

a few years ago by the expenditure of many thousands of dollars and months of unceasing effort. It is ample and complete in every respect. The members of the Fraternity in all branches of the Order in that city are fully accommodated, and have no eye of envy turned on brothers in other parts of the jurisdiction who possess better lodge homes than themselves. If a magnificent hall and pleasant surroundings will insure growth in membership and prosperity in lodges, then Knox Lodge must rank among the first in Maine.

At Belfast, down the Penobscot River, there has been a mighty rushing wind of enthusiasm among the members of old Waldo Lodge of late. The sound of strife and discord and the smoke of battle of other days, which jeopardized the perpetuity of the institution of Odd Fellowship in that city and carried dismay to the hearts of thousands of the tried and faithful throughout the broad jurisdiction, has died away, and with the restoration of peace came brotherly union and a strong rallying around the standard of "Friendship, Love and Truth."

The officers and members of Waldo Lodge have been willing and ready many years to abandon their old pent-up, uncomfortable quarters, with all its unhallowed associations, for a new and better home. Their desires have at last been gratified by the presence of a grand brick structure in the main business center of the city. It has been erected and beautified after the design and workmanship of members of the craft who are thoroughly learned in everything that goes to make up a perfect and noble temple of Odd Fellowship.

Before the frosts of the winter of 1889 have seared the leaves of the forest there will be a joyful meeting of the

Odd Fellows of that city, and hundreds from other parts of the State will unite in dedicating the magnificent hall to the purposes of the Order. With such a zealous, faithful leader and director as Brother R. G. Dyer, Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Maine, among the executives, there need be no occasion to fear from unsound material or imperfect work in the structure. It will be "push and go ahead."

On the fifteenth of May, 1889, a beautiful hall was dedicated at Camden, Maine. The building is in part the property of Mount Battie Lodge, to replace the one destroyed by fire one year ago. The dedicating services were conducted by Brother A. S. Kimball of Norway, Deputy Grand Master, assisted by other Grand Officers. There was a large gathering of ladies and friends of the Order. The new hall is a large substantial brick building, an ornament to the Order and town. The hall is handsomely decorated and elegantly furnished. The ceremonies were made interesting by excellent music from a select choir. Brother Thomas A. Hunt, Noble Grand of Mount Battie, presented the lodge with a handsome Bible, in the name of Mrs. Henry Rollins of Camden, and a pair of handsomely wrought brass gavels, the gift of Brother N. H. Young, the Vice Grand. Speeches were made by the Grand Officers, Rev. Mr. Beal and Hon. Ruel Robinson of Camden. At the close of the ceremonies, the company repaired to Megunticook Hall, where a bountiful collation was served. This was followed by a concert, instrumental and vocal, at Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Prof. Studley's Orchestra. The exercises concluded with a dance in the evening at Megunticook

Hall. The lodges at Rockland, Vinalhaven and Biddeford were represented by prominent members of the Order.

There are lodges in the remote eastern and northern portions of the State, at Eastport and in Aroostook County, that suffered loss by fire during the past three years, now occupying new, commodious halls. These have not yet been inspected by the writer, consequently he is unable to speak from personal knowledge of their merits. "They say," accords much credit to the brothers in those places for "pluck and perseverance" in surmounting great obstacles and bringing beauty out of ashes.

Worombo Lodge, No. 107, at Lisbon Falls, Maine, dedicated its beautiful new hall May 30, 1889, with interesting and impressive ceremonies, conducted by Brothers Henry C. Bagley, G. M.; A. S. Kimball, D. G. M.; Joshua Davis, Grand Secretary; Brothers Stevens, Brimijohn and Applebee, Grand Herald. There were present a large number of members of the Order, and citizens who are interested in the welfare and prosperity of the Order in the community.

The members of Franklin Lodge, at Farmington, Maine, are "men who never say die" when brought under the most trying circumstances. Their lodge hall has twice been destroyed by fire within the past six years. The members have rallied themselves after the work of the destroyer each time, and procured the means to build new and larger halls. In the last devastating fire that spread over the town, and laid waste nearly the entire business portion of the village, Franklin Lodge shared largely among the sufferers; but the brothers



were not a day behind the most foremost workers in securing comfortable lodge quarters. Their new hall ranks equal to any in the State in point of capacity and handsome furnishings.

During the past few years, Amon Lodge at Oakland, Quinnebasset Lodge at Norridgewock, Norway Lodge at Norway, Asylum Lodge at Augusta, and Kineo Lodge at Dover, all in Maine, have provided themselves with fine halls—owned or leased property. By the judicious expenditure of money they have combined comfort, convenience and attractiveness.

There are other lodge halls in Maine worthy of mention, which were erected and dedicated during the first year of the writer's connection with the *Odd Fellows' Register*, as editor and publisher. There still clusters in the memory pleasant associations of the events of the time when they were the central figure of attraction on the auspicious day which called large numbers of people together to witness and utter words of praise for well doing.

The reader may desire to learn something concerning the halls of the brotherhood in other New England States, and how they compare with those in the Pine Tree State. The writer has had opportunities to visit very many lodges in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and some in New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, and in the city of Philadelphia.

Odd Fellows' Building, Boston, was erected in 1873, and stands among the prominent public buildings in that city. The main hall is fifty-four by ninety-four feet, and twenty-five feet in the clear. There are six lodge or working rooms, with encampment halls, Grand Lodge and

Grand Encampment halls, Grand Secretary and Scribe's offices, committee rooms and banquet halls. The writer has been permitted to mingle with members of each of the lodges at their weekly meetings; also, to sit among the patriarchs in their assemblages. Within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, there are more than two hundred lodges. Many of them occupy magnificent halls which are richly adorned. In order to conceive of their finely appointed halls and convey a correct idea of the picture, it is necessary that the reader look through his own eyes. A pen and ink sketch can furnish only a faint and imperfect outline of what would appear before him.

Among the large number of Odd Fellow halls visited by the writer abroad, were those occupied by lodges at New Bedford, Lawrence, Lowell, Chelsea, Charlestown, Somerville, Salem, Peabody, Lynn, Springfield, Worcester, Beverly, Haverhill, Amesbury and Fall River, Massachusetts; Providence and Woonsocket, Rhode Island; Hartford and New Haven, Connecticut; Great Falls, Dover, Laconia and Concord, New Hampshire; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. These had some peculiarities in their make-up and furnishings which fastened them more fixedly in the remembrance of the writer than scores of others, which in point of beauty and convenience for general lodge work were fully equal.

Gorgeously equipped halls, showy paraphernalia and high-sounding titles are not what constitutes true Odd Fellowship. Stripped of all these it is but a band of men who promise on their honor as men to be kind to each other under all circumstances, in adversity as well as in the brighter days of prosperity.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE WORD OF COMFORT; THE HELPING HAND.

“Three charms to guard the heart from sorrow,  
To keep aloof life’s woes;  
Three whispers of a brighter morrow,  
The morrow of repose—  
Three links amid the golden fetters,  
That heart to heart entwine;  
Upon life’s scroll three mystic letters,  
Placed there by hand divine.”

In every age of the world’s history there has been many and frequent startling events, involving the loss of life and destruction of much property. Even when the tidings of such horrors are sent forth on lightning wings and are read by people far remote from the scene of action, it is sickening and heart-rendering. When the disaster occurs in the community where the beholder resides, and the work of death and destruction is executed before one’s own eyes, it awakens in the soul a realization of the mental and physical sufferings of the victim. But when the relentless hand of the destroyer is laid upon you or yours, my dear reader—and upon mine—then, and only then, do we fully realize the sharpness of the pain and know the full measure of the sufferings experienced. That small letter “I” makes wonderful changes in the sight and feelings of men and women. “Every heart knows its own sorrow.” “Am I my brother’s keeper?” is a question frequently asked, but not readily answered, by people busied with worldly cares and encumbered on every hand.

It is to the credit of poor human nature that the rule is, and not exception, that the ear of man is quick to hear the cry of the needy and his hand extended to minister to the calls of the distressed.

The influence which goes out from the altar of scores of fraternal organizations throughout the land has had much to do with cutting away the "suckers" and off shoots—selfishness—from the stately tree of philanthropy and allowed it to strike its roots down deep into the soil—the heart of man—and spread its branches far out so that its fruits may be scattered abroad for the healing of the sickened body and desponding soul.

It is generally considered that the legitimate work of Odd Fellow lodges and encampments, as well as that of kindred beneficial organizations, is to dispense pecuniary aid to members of the Order, in accordance with the provisions of the constitution and by-laws of such organizations, consequently there has been but very little known by "the world at large" of what has been and is daily being done by lodges and encampments, as such, and individual members, for the relief of the sick and suffering. The published reports show only the amount of money expended for the payment of weekly and funeral benefits. The actual charities of lodges and the personal contributions of a large body of tender-hearted members do not appear in print. Theirs is a work in which the right hand knows not what the left hand doeth. This is just as it should be, for there are too many examples of Pharisaical alms-giving, where the gift is laid upon the house-top altar, and the benefactor wears a complacent smile when he observes the magic typographical change of the word "honor" for the donors.

There have been thousands upon thousands of meritorious deeds performed by organizations and worthy men and women which will never be known in this life. The record for kind acts and the good done comes into the soul of the benefactor like the genial rays of the bright morning sun upon the lovely rose, causing it to emit fragrant perfumes.

There are times and circumstances in the experience of individuals and communities which require prompt and energetic action. The actor cannot, if he would, cover up his acts from the gaze of the multitude when pestilence walketh abroad at noon-day, and the ravages of the fire fiend lays waste the homes of families, and crumbles to ashes massive blocks of merchandise and banking-houses, then the names and good deeds of men are made known. The large heart of the philanthropist beats quick in sympathy and he is prompted to acts of benevolence and charity. The writer calls to mind numerous events in his forty years' experience in our Order where the "two mite" contribution of the brother of small means has been silently dropped into the treasury alongside of the five and ten-dollar offering of the wealthy capitalist, to relieve the needs of the sick and unfortunate, whether a member of the fraternity or not.

The reward of "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, ye did it unto me," came in as full measure to the giver of the "two mites" as to him who had an abundance and made but small sacrifices.

It is with feelings of satisfaction that the close observer of Odd Fellow lodges as a co-operative body, and the men who compose the vast membership, read its noble record of devotion to the cause of humanity.

There may be isolated instances where the cry of the sick and needy has been heard by an Odd Fellow, only in name, and not heeded and answered by rendering acts of mercy to the suppliant. "*Over the hills to the poor-house*" should never be said to any unfortunate, sick or needy brother who has spent years in advancing the interests of the lodge and Order. And no member who possesses any love for the principles of Odd Fellowship will imbue his hands in the sacrifice of a brother's feelings or his social comforts by casting him upon the "cold charities" of the alms-house.

The true character and real soul of an Odd Fellow and Odd Fellowship is tenderness and love. There are exceptions to all rules. All men so named are not men in disposition and practice, and the writer will leave such out of the account when speaking of manly characters and noble deeds.

The Macedonian cry for help frequently comes from the unfortunate and suffering ones where the ravages of fire and destruction of floods have swept away the home and destroyed all the comforts of life. The records of nearly every lodge and encampment, under the jurisdiction of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, show that the calls of the unfortunate and needy have been graciously answered.

The Order in Maine and in every other New England State has done honor to the good name of the founder of American Odd Fellowship, Thomas Willey. Prominent among the acts of benevolence and brotherly love was when the sad tidings of the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, horror (which occurred June 3, 1889) was spread on lightning wings from the center to the circumference

of the habitable globe. Nothing in the history of our country compared with the work of death and destruction of property. It was a national calamity and the whole nation mourned and offered up sacrifices. The strong bolts of the public and private treasury were forced back, and the gold and silver poured out freely for those who were "setting in the region and shadow of death."

It is beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe the devastation and suffering which were caused by the bursting of Conemaugh's great reservoir, and the overwhelming rush of the immense volume of water. Then the ear of sympathizing brothers of our Order everywhere, was placed close to the ground to catch the first sound of the wails of anguish and cries for help which came from brothers of the mystic tie, and brothers in the great family of man. In the path of destruction and death all the halls and a large part of the membership of Morrellville, Conemaugh, Alma, Cambria, and Corona Lodges were swept away, leaving nothing of charters, books or property to mark the place of their existence. The number of brothers who perished in the rushing waters reached to hundreds.

Application for assistance was made in all jurisdictions and answers came quickly with money in large measure. The lodges in the Dirigo State heard the call of Grand Master Henry C. Bagley, which was made in response to a telegram sent out by the Grand Sire calling for funds. In thirty minutes from the time the message was received by Grand Master Bagley the following circular was put into the hands of the printer, and sent to all the lodges in Maine.



GRAND LODGE, I. O. O. F., OF MAINE.

*Office of the Grand Master,*

PORTLAND, ME., June 5, 1889.

*To the several Lodges, I. O. O. F., of Maine :*

BROTHERS :—By the recent terrible disaster at Johnstown, Pa., hundreds of your brothers lost their lives, and hundreds of others lost all they possessed of worldly goods, and saw their families perish amid the awful flood. Their sufferings exceed any stretch of the imagination, and call for our warmest sympathy and most speedy assistance. Therefore, in view of the pressing necessity of the case, I have authorized the Grand Treasurer to immediately forward a check for \$1,000 and solicit contributions to cover this amount and as much more as can be raised. It will all be needed. "Give freely of your abundance for sweet charity's sake." Send all contributions to Joshua Davis, Grand Secretary, Portland, Maine. Given under my hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge, this 5th day of June, 1889.

HENRY C. BAGLEY, *Grand Master.*

Attest: JOSHUA DAVIS, *Grand Secretary.*

Similar messages were sent by the Grand Sire to Grand Masters in other jurisdictions, bringing like blessed results. For such noble purposes was the institution of Odd Fellowship established by a band of five brothers in Baltimore, more than seventy years ago, which has grown into a mighty army; spread over the world in lodges and encampments; has grappled with forlorn destitution and suffering and driven back the waves of ignorance, vice and selfishness everywhere.

Institutions, like men, are called by odious names, and wear an unseemly exterior while possessing a true heart within. They should not be judged by what they

appear. We are Odd Fellows only while we act like honest, sympathizing men.

Another striking illustration of the kind heartedness of Odd Fellows is shown by the humane acts and generous contributions of lodges and individual members of the Order in Massachusetts, January, 1889. At the time Atlantic Lodge of Marblehead suffered by the disastrous conflagration in that town, the lodges in the jurisdiction did not wait for the appeals of their brothers in distress for assistance, but promptly responded to the request of Grand Master Pinkerton, and forwarded their contributions to the Grand Treasurer, amounting to over three thousand dollars. The recipients of such generous favors did not forget to return thanks to their benefactors, and called to mind that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." When the tidings of the desolation and suffering occasioned by the bursting of Conemaugh's reservoir came to their knowledge, then the brothers of Atlantic Lodge forgot their own losses and troubles and contributed of their limited substance fifty dollars. Accompanying the money were words of comfort and encouragement to their brothers at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Such acts of christian philanthropy are worthy to be recorded on marble tablets and handed down to all coming generations.

The old Bay State has many noble hearted men and women within its jurisdiction who are Odd Fellows in principle and practice, though having never been initiated into the mysteries of the Order.

It affords the writer much pleasure to record the meritorious acts of Mr. Thomas H. Dodge of Worcester, Mass.,—not an Odd Fellow—for his generous donation

of a beautiful site for the location of the Odd Fellows' Home, valued at fifteen thousand dollars, including a lot of ten acres of excellent land overlooking the northern portion of the city. In addition to these munificent gifts, he gave the use of pasture land for a term of years, and a cash donation of five hundred dollars to be expended in books for the library.

There are scores of men in the land like Mr. Dodge, who need not take the obligations of the Order, or be instructed in the lessons of the ritual, to make them better in principle and practice than many who have knelt at the altar and pledged fidelity to the cause of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Members of the Fraternity in Massachusetts and other jurisdictions made liberal contributions for the sufferers from yellow fever in Florida in 1888. Richard W. Drown Lodge, of Lynn, sent a check for fifty dollars. Grand Master W. N. Baker of Florida was a victim to the dreadful scourge and died in September, 1888, with many other beloved members of the Order in that State.

#### THE YOUNG PRINTER BOY.

It is comforting to the minds of persons advanced in years to recall pleasing events and old associations. The remembrance of evil things is repulsive to the soul of man; and it is well that "the grave covers all imperfections," so passing years in a large degree assuage the sorrows of life and heal the broken heart crushed by misfortune or death. A kind word is never forgotten, and good deeds are like precious gems. The precepts and practices of the true Odd Fellow begets love in the soul which is made manifest by words and acts.

No genuine Odd Fellow, old or young, has ever failed of doing some good to his fellow-man, and the world is full of the noble deeds of brothers of the triple link. There are numerous examples of some great and lasting good bestowed upon the friendless and needy by the kind words and the helping hand of an Odd Fellow. Such instances have come into the life and experience of the writer. One now comes fresh to mind.

Not quite fourteen years ago a young man just stepping from his teens left his country home to seek employment in a neighboring town. He had little knowledge of business affairs, having passed his boyhood days at school and attending to farm work. Edward had a bright, discerning eye and intelligent countenance. His manly deportment recommended him to the favor of the editor and proprietor of the village newspaper, to whom he had applied for the situation of "printer's devil." He was willing to start at the lowest round of the ladder and work his way up to fame and fortune. His willing assent to comply with all the conditions of the agreement between employer and employee made it possible for him to enter at once upon his work.

A weighty responsibility then came upon the editor into whose keeping was given the moral and intellectual training of the young man, away from his home and removed from parental influences. A new world was opening before the eyes and mind of Edward.

Boys will and should have young associates. In cities and large towns the choice of companions is a difficult one to make. There are those who "have a rough, unseemingly exterior, but may possess a true heart within;" while others whose outward garb is fine and

glittering may be devoid of all moral principle. The natural eye of the experienced readers of human character is not always quick to discern the true inwardness of his fellow-man.

The good seed sown by Edward's christian parents had taken root in his young heart and he was slow to turn aside into the ways of evil-doers. He was diligent and faithful in the performance of every duty pertaining to his place and occupation. He "despised not the day of small things," and long before the time of service usually required of apprentices had expired, Edward was far advanced as a compositor, having learned "the case," and could do creditable work on the "job press." These advances he made by personal efforts and application during the hours that other apprentices spent in sport and loafing about the street corners.

Edward aspired to be a man in character and position in society, and in order to attain to the mark he had set for himself, he put forth earnest efforts. Like many other country lads he possessed no wealth. His capital was his intellect, his time, his opportunities. These he used to the best advantage and obtained the largest and most profitable returns. Edward was a close observer of men, their professions, and their practices.

On one occasion, while seated beside the editor, Edward's eye caught a glimpse of the golden links upon his vestments, and his curiosity was aroused at the sight. Hesitatingly, but modestly, he inquired "What does it signify?" His query was answered by the editor, much to the satisfaction and delight of the seeker after knowledge. It was then the golden opportunity to impress his young mind with correct ideas concerning

the Order, and in a kind way create a desire in his heart to be bound by the chain of Friendship, Love Truth.

Edward expressed a wish to unite with the Order, having witnessed some of the privileges and blessings that flow from membership therein. He had seen the widow cared for and the orphan protected by the beneficent hands of Odd Fellows. He had seen the character of men improved and elevated by the knowledge and practice of the precepts of the Order. He regarded membership in the Fraternity a position of honor and privilege. To learn more of its magnitude and intrinsic excellence, he made it a daily study. Then it was that he wished the wheels of time to roll swifter and bring the day of his eligibility to membership in the lodge in the home of his adoption.

The editor became especially interested in the future welfare of the young man under his charge, and was glad he had turned his attention to so good and helpful a subject. It became a pleasure for him to render Edward every possible assistance in accomplishing the purposes he so earnestly sought for. As time moved on and the last months of Edward's non-age drew near, he was becoming better acquainted with the principles and laws of the Order. His twenty-first birthday was to be made a memorable event.

When legally qualified his name was appended to a petition for membership in the lodge in the village where he resided, accompanied by the usual fee, a bright gold coin, a natal-day present from his employer.

On that auspicious night Edward stood before the altar and was duly instructed in the mysteries and



teachings of Odd Fellowship by the Noble Grand (his employer and instructor in type-setting.) With advancing years he advanced in the degrees and knowledge of the Order, until he had become sufficiently learned to perform the duties of the various offices to which he was elected, and he soon gained rank among his associates.

When Edward had become master of his trade he followed the advice of the illustrious journalist, Horace Greely, and set his face towards the far West, bearing on his person the golden links and an Odd Fellow's visiting card. His passports among strangers were the best recommendations that any young man can possess. They brought him friends and brothers.

The sequel to the story of "Edward the Young Printer Boy," is told in a few words. He soon found employment in a newspaper office among brothers of the Order, in a thriving western city, and to-day he occupies the managing editor's chair of one of the leading journals in that prosperous State. Odd Fellowship to him is more than a mere beneficial organization, "having for its single purpose the relief of its members in the trials incident to human life." He has allowed the great principles, benevolence and charity, to influence and "govern his acts, and has found by happy experience that in the practice of Friendship, Love and Truth is found the surest safe-guard against the ills of life."

Such, kind reader, is the out-growth of right beginning and fidelity to the trusts committed to a brother man.

#### THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

Were you, my brother, ever alone in a great city, hundreds of miles distant from your home, among



strangers, when there were none to speak your name, and thousands passed you hurriedly by without a word or smile? Many such there are to-day treading the great cities of America and the mother country.

The adage, "A well-filled pocket-book is man's best friend abroad," may be true, if the stranger is physically sound and able to cope with desperate and unscrupulous characters that prowl around under cover of night and lay in wait to kill for plunder.

It is an encouraging thought that Odd Fellowship and kindred benevolent Orders are multiplying and exerting their benign influence on the lives and character of men throughout the world, and in whatever part of the globe our brother man may travel he can find some one to hear and answer his signal of distress. Since the days when the scenes in the narrative here related were enacted, hundreds of thousands of names have been added to the roll of brothers in Odd Fellow lodges.

The subject of our story was a young man residing in a small New England village. He had united with the Order in the early days of its existence. His opportunities for visiting lodges were limited, but he had applied himself in acquiring a knowledge of the laws and usages of the Order, and became quite proficient in the use of the means whereby brothers may obtain assistance in times of trouble or need. Urgent business demanded his presence in the great city of New York. He had never before wandered so far from his home.

It was a trying ordeal for him to pass through to start out on such a long journey, unattended by any familiar face, or lips to speak a word of cheer.

The journey was a long and weary one. His only safety and success was in following the direction of one who had years of experience in traveling.

The young adventurer started out on his journey and arrived safely at his object point. It was at a late hour of night when the steamer arrived at the pier. The young man ordered a carriage to convey him to a "down-town hotel," and was "sent up" to his room on the elevator, a new and strange affair to him.

The motion of the steamer with other movements to which he was unaccustomed had disorganized his system, producing cramps and severe pains in the region of the stomach. He was ignorant of the method used for calling assistance, and was too ill to arise and grope his way to where help might be obtained. His pains became more intense. He groaned and writhed in agony. At last he became desperate and raised his voice in loud pleading for help. There were words used in his cries for assistance that fell upon the ear of the occupant of the adjoining room. He had heard those words before and understood their import. Having been a resident of the "wicked city" many years and passed his nights in hotels, it was no uncommon occurrence for the Good Samaritan to be disturbed by the groans and cries of those who had "tarried long at the wine" and were haunted by

"The spirits above and the spirits below,  
The spirits of joy and the spirits of woe."

His first impulse was to let "the fool suffer the penalty of his own folly," but the repetition of those significant words, intermingled with pleadings for help

recalled his solemn obligation to assist a brother in distress and he promptly obeyed the second great command of Odd Fellowship.

It was with difficulty he gained an entrance to the traveler's room, but when the door was opened he was assured that he stood at the bedside of a sick and suffering brother of our Order, and that his condition required immediate and puissant treatment. He realized that the life of his newly found brother was depending on his good judgment and earnest efforts. It was a moment of deep thought and unhesitating action, and no time was lost in summoning medical aid. Messengers were dispatched to call in other brothers of the Fraternity for counsel. They came from the lodge-room and family circles and tenderly took the suffer by the hand and spake to him words of cheer. He was no longer a stranger and alone in the great city. Everything was done that it was in the power of mortals to do.

When the morning sun shone through the windows of the room, the eyes of the delirious man looked upon a scene which will never be effaced from his memory. "What strange thing," thought he, "has been wrought since I entered this room? Who are all these, and from whence came they?"

By the close attention of kind brothers and effective medical treatment the patient was relieved of his sufferings and placed in a fair way for recovery, but the brothers never for a moment left their posts of duty or shortened their alms in performing kindly offices or humane benefaction.

Letters were written by brothers who had left their pleasant homes, couched in words of tender regard and

encouragement, and sent to the friends and relatives of the absent son and brother, and were freely reciprocated by the anxious and devoted members of his family many miles away.

As days passed returning health brought color to the pallid cheeks and strength to the feeble limbs of young Arthur—the hero of our sketch. He had sufficiently recovered his health to enable him to walk about the room and sit by the open window, and look out upon the masterly structures of brick, granite and marble, with their towering roofs and capacious cupolas. Such grand edifices his eyes had never before beheld, but there was a lack in the picture. No beautiful shade trees, green fields and singing birds, with sweet odors from fragrant flowers and blooming peach orchards, came to view.

On a bright June morning, Arthur was invited to a seat with brothers of the friendly Order, in a comfortable carriage drawn by a pair of handsome grays, and driven to notable places in the city. It was a day of rare enjoyment to him; such a generous treat seldom comes to “a country boy.” He was dazed by the sights and sounds that met him at every turn.

He received the assistance of those who had stood by him in the hour of sickness and trouble, in transacting the business which called him from his home, to the satisfaction of all concerned, and was prepared to return and give an account of his stewardship.

The parting from those who had shown themselves true and devoted friends was among the unpleasant things in Arthur’s experience. Their tender words and beneficent acts had kindled a flame of love and affection in his heart that could not be quenched.

“When Friendship, Love and Truth abound  
 Among a band of brothers,  
 The cup of joy goes gaily round,—  
 Each shares the bliss of others.”

It was hard for them to separate and they did not until the brother who first heard the cries and groans of the suffering one in the room adjoining his apartments weeks before had accompanied Arthur to his home and shared in the privileges and joys of the happy re-union of father and son, family and friends. He was fully rewarded for all his labors of love and good deeds by the consciousness of having faithfully performed his duty by answering the signal of distress.

#### HE WAS A TRUE BROTHER AND FRIEND.

In this world of change and scenes there is nothing perfectly secure in business or monetary affairs. All classes and conditions of men, everywhere, are in some measure affected by the fluctuations, suspensions or utter failure of the producing forces. There are few men who possess the courage or the means to start out or continue in any line of business or scheme that fails to bring remunerative returns for the time spent and capital invested. Men of large means and sagacity are generally lacking that quality termed “disinterested benevolences,” which prompts men to assist and benefit their fellow men at the sacrifice of their own comfort or loss of money.

The creed and daily practice of mankind, uncontrolled by the tender influences of brotherly love and charity, is to care for self first and at all times; but thanks to the benign influences of the principles and teachings of Odd Fellowship, we are permitted to present before the

reader a true brother and friend, one whose example is worthy to be followed by many persons professing large philanthropy and christian benevolence.

The friend, for such he was, is introduced to the reader as Past Grand B——, of a large commercial city where there were residing scores of members of our Order.

It was in the days of unsettled business and financial depression. Failure succeeded failure. Mechanics, artisans and industrious wage-workers were thrown out of employment by hundreds, and nearly every avenue for obtaining the means of support was closed. It was a time of complaining and earnest inquiry, "What am I to do?"

Weeks passed and there came no change for the better. Men of scanty means were compelled to leave their homes to seek employment in towns and cities in distant States. "The calamity" affected every interest, public and private.

Past Grand B—— was the financial officer in a lodge representing among its membership hundreds of young men dependent upon their daily earning. The credit and debit pages of the ledger in his keeping showed the fiscal standing of the brothers. It was apparent to him that the suspension of certain business operations in that city would work detriment to the welfare of the lodge. The non-payment of dues necessitated the suspension of its members and cut them off from the benefits and privileges of the Order, thereby bringing distress and sorrow upon the innocent and helpless.

The large, generous heart of Past Grand B——, was stirred within him and he resolved to avert the impending evil if possible.

In one of the national banks of the city was deposited two thousand dollars, money earned by his hard labor and careful saving. He solicited the co-operation of able and experienced business men to join him in the manufacture of shoes; to open and fit up shops with machinery and all needful appliances for "turning out" a style and quality of goods that would furnish employment for a large number of worthy, industrious men, few if any of whom were skilled workmen. His object, he said, "was not to get or make money," but to set "the boys at work to help them and their families over the pinch."

His propositions were received with contempt and he was looked upon as a "wild man" that needed to be placed under guardianship. To entertain such notions was suicidal. "Business of every kind" they said, was tottering on the brink of destruction. Men dare not trust the banks with their money, much less invest in wild speculations; but the humane brother thought not so, but put far off the evil day and moved boldly forward in the course he had marked out. Sufficient funds and material were obtained, mechanics were employed, and everything required to accomplish his purposes were at his command.

In due season the building, with its machinery and fittings, was completed and occupied by practiced workmen to instruct novices. A call was issued by the proprietor for men, preference being given to brothers of the Odd Fellow Fraternity, to fill the places, and where there were vacancies others were admitted to the work-rooms and became members of the "Crispin Union."

The movement which Past Grand B—— made at the time of financial chaos proved to be a wise and felicitous



one, notwithstanding many wise men (?) predicted evil and wicked things against him. Prosperity and blessing followed his humane and noble acts. His Odd Fellow obligations led him to put forth earnest effort to aid his brothers at a time most needed. He was supported by the strong pillars of Faith, Hope and Charity, and was able to overcome almost unsurmountable obstacles. There is such a quality in man as "true disinterested benevolence," and it was clearly and faithfully exemplified by the "true brother and friend."

#### A UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

The mission of Odd Fellowship is not confined to works of benevolence and charity among the membership of the Order. The ear of the truly humane brother is quick to hear the cries of the needy and sorrowing, when it comes from the soul and is spoken from the lips of those outside the circle of lodge membership.

Men may and often do possess all the qualities of a good Odd Fellow though they may never cross the threshold of a lodge-room or take any of the obligations required of initiates. It is what men do, and not what they think or say, that builds character and tells for good or evil on the lives of their fellow-men. The writer has had large opportunities for gaining a knowledge of the great good that has been accomplished by the individual efforts of members of lodges. A voluminous book of interesting and authentic narratives might be written on the noble deeds of love and mercy performed by philanthropic men and women, members of Rebekah Degree Lodges. Those possessing naturally tender hearts have been incited to earnest action by the divine lessons of humanity taught in our rituals.

It would be impossible to entertain the reader with a recital of one in a hundred of the pathetic cases that have come under the writer's observation and personal experience. Among those of special mention and prominence was the case of Mrs. M——, a poor widow with a family of four dependent children, residing in a small manufacturing village in Rhode Island. The husband and father was an industrious man without the means or the advantages of a trade or any regular occupation. He was dependent upon such employment as he could obtain from day to day to earn a support for his family. To add to other discomfitures he was the subject of feeble health, which not only deprived him of the great boon of life's joys and comforts, but shut him out from privileges and advantages which men of rugged constitution possess. Mr. M—— was a man of correct habits, intelligent, and amiable disposition. He drew about him many friends and sought the society of the good and worthy. So far as he had the opportunity and ability he acted well his part in promoting the welfare of his fellow men.

The beneficiary system of Odd Fellowship affected his chances for membership in the Order. It was no fault of his that sickness and disability had put a barrier in the way of his uniting with an institution that he regarded with much favor, but "sound health" was one of the constitutional prerequisites to membership. It was one of the strong safeguards against pecuniary loss and for the perpetuity of the Order. It was for this cause only that his petition was not granted. In all other respects his name and influence would have been far more worthy and honored than some whose only

title to membership was their enrollment and certificate of "paid up dues."

There came trouble into the poor man's home in the days of his declining years. Sickness and misfortune had cut off his resources, and it became a difficult matter for him to provide even the necessities of life; but he and his were not forgotten in the days of their trial and despondency.

The question propounded at the weekly lodge-meetings, "is any brother in need of our aid or sympathy?" had a deeper and broader signification in the minds of a few tried and faithful brothers than is regarded by members of the Order generally. It was not enough for them to know that those of their own household were looked after and kindly cared for, but wherever the cup of sorrow had been drunk, they felt in duty bound to sweeten the draught and bring joy to the aching heart. They felt the force of the great command to "Visit the sick and relieve the distress," and thoughtfully asked, "Who is my neighbor?" Then copying after the example of the Good Samaritan, they performed the same kindly offices as if the sick man had been a member of their own band and a supporter of its laws.

During all the days and months of Mr. M——'s sickness they gathered around his bed and ministered to his comfort. His name was among those mentioned in the weekly reports of the lodge Visiting Committee and provision was made for providing the family with food and the comforts of home.

When wasting disease made it necessary for watching at night, kind brothers of the lodge volunteered their

services to relieve the weary, anxious wife and mother. And when the angel of death summoned away the loved one of the household and caused fond hearts to mourn, everything that it is in the power of mortals to do was done to aid and comfort the stricken ones. The members of the Order faithfully performed the duties of protectors, advisers, and benefactors. Through their interposition the little family circle was unbroken and kept sacred. The mental and moral training of the children was cared for, their lives made useful and honorable. To-day the writer reads the name of one member of the little family among the honored graduates in a celebrated New England literary institution. The other children are growing in years and usefulness. They will all make their mark in the world.

The bereaved mother lived a few years in sorrowing over her loss, but had the comforting assurance that a loving Heavenly Father cared for her and doeth all things well. When death's cold hand was laid upon her brow she uttered blessings upon the institution of Odd Fellowship, and thanked God for the devotion of true brothers.

The good that men do lives after them, but "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." This life is too short to utter one unkind word or harbor one unfriendly feeling.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Along life's highway appear way-marks which can be passed only once by the traveler, and no time is allowed for halting to review the past. These way-marks remind the traveler that his "days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." Anniversary birthdays or dates of special events are breathing places in the journey of man through life.

To the true and faithful Odd Fellow there are few events of greater interest than the anniversary of his introduction into the Order. If the instruction he has received has been abiding, and inspired him to lofty purposes and honorable actions, causing him to practice in his daily life Friendship, Love and Truth, then he has been a consistent Odd Fellow, a good and noble man. But the best efforts of mankind to do right in all things are lacking and sometimes show a signal failure. "There are none perfect; no, not one."

One of the most interesting and pleasing events in the writer's life was the commemoration of his initiation into the Order forty years ago. The place and associations connected with that memorable event are vividly recalled.

The sun of April 15, 1889, arose clearer in a far-away village and country from where it sat on the night of April 15, 1849, when he was first made acquainted with

the mysteries and objects of the great Fraternity that has bound by its links about a large expanse of country in distant lands, recognizing alike men of every nation, tongue and creed, as members of the one great brotherhood.

The writer's fortieth Odd Fellow's anniversary was made an occasion of special interest by the members of the Order and genial friends, under the roof of Hotel Willows, with landlord Brother Will H. McDonald and family to contribute to his comfort and enjoyment.

The writer cannot give a better idea of the house and its beautiful surroundings than that penned by a fascinated tourist from a western city who spent his vacation season at "The Willows," and failed to find words to express his delight and high appreciation of its merits:

"The Hotel Willows, with its elegant grounds laid out in lawns and parks, is located in the thriving village of Farmington, which is beautifully situated in close proximity to the mountain region of North-western Maine. Though devastated by fire but little more than two years ago, the place with its new business blocks and elegant and tasteful residences, now presents a more attractive appearance than ever. The town is prettily laid out with avenues and streets delightfully shaded by long rows of maple and elm-trees, and charming drives may be enjoyed in every direction. Close at hand is the somewhat noted Powder House Hill, a high eminence which commands a sweeping and unobstructed view of the valley in every direction, and many hills and mountains in the distance."

At the close of the day the writer mingled with the brothers of Franklin Lodge and passed an enjoyable hour.

## WORTHY OF SPECIAL MENTION.

Those divine words uttered more than eighteen hundred years ago, concerning the good and faithful, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," express the feelings of the writer when he recounts the comforts and blessings which have come to him from the lips and hands of those who showed him special favor and assistance during the years when he was journeying up and down the land in pursuit of names and patronage for the *Odd Fellows' Register*. Many of them are endeared in his memory. Their names are worthy to be enrolled on the pages of this book; to be remembered so long as it shall have a place in the household of the great and noble brotherhood.

The following names appear in the writer's journal, though there are hundreds of others who are deserving of like mention:

*Augusta*.—Wm. R. Smith, R. B. Capen, M. C. Blackwell, E. Storer.

*Auburn*.—John Read, C. M. Lander, L. W. Haskell, R. M. Mason, Geo. W. Bumpus, A. E. Verrill, Capt. Lamb, F. W. Brooks.

*Biddeford*.—C. H. Brackett, John Haley, G. N. Weymouth.

*Bangor*.—Otis Kaler, John E. Booth, J. B. Packard, C. H. Thombs, Leslie Kellen, Lew W. Hawthorn, A. M. Yeaton, Clavin Jones.

*Bridgton*.—Byron Kimball, M. Gleason, Geo. G. Wight.

*Belfast*.—R. G. Dyer, C. W. Haney, Ivory H. Harmon.



*Berwick*.—J. L. Stone, M. J. Huntress.

*Bath*.—W. E. Hogan, V. P. Emery, F. Shepard, A. Humphries.

*Cumberland Mills*.—C. W. Mace, E. W. Ayer, C. W. Foy, Charles Holt.

*Calais*.—W. H. Nichols, L. C. Bailey.

*Dexter*.—O. W. Bridges, N. S. Roberts, E. E. Sturtivant, N. L. McCrillis, Charles T. Moses.

*Dover*.—W. H. Blethen, J. B. Mayo, J. T. Lougee.

*Deering*.—E. E. Adams, A. R. Huston, A. A. Huston, O. A. Lowell, W. T. Sawyer, A. F. Hill, C. Rogers, Frank Stevens, C. W. Davis, Alex. Hannah.

*Farmington*.—C. W. Keyes, E. Gerry, Will H. McDonald, J. M. S. Hunter.

*Fairfield*.—John R. Foss, Wm. H. Evans, Simeon Merrill.

*Gardiner*.—Frank Purinton.

*Hallowell*.—Thomas Burnham, C. F. Kelbrith, Ira W. True.

*Kennebunk*.—J. W. Sargent, E. W. Mendum.

*Lewiston*.—Silas W. Cook, O. G. Douglass, L. P. Woodbury, Geo. A. Callahan, Geo. W. Goss.

*Lisbon Falls*.—B. F. Thorn.

*North Berwick*.—David Austin, W. H. Austin, E. W. Perkins.

*Norway*.—A. L. F. Pike, J. W. Crommett, W. W. Whitmarsh, A. S. Kimball, Edward Ames.

*North Anson*.—C. P. Smith.

*Norridgewock*.—C. H. Knowlton, C. A. Harrington, Henry Murphy, A. F. Spaulding, Bros. Ingalls and Moore.

*Oakland*.—E. C. Blackwell.

*Oldtown.*—E. W. Conant.

*Portland.*—Henry C. Bagley, Freeman T. Merrill, Milton Higgins, Howard Winslow, O. T. Hodsdon, M. R. Williams, F. T. Littlefield, J. V. Bradley, W. R. Bohannon, W. W. Kemp, Charles J. Butler, John C. Merrill, Thomas A. Hood, Fred W. Thompson, Geo. S. Winn, Isaac F. Clark, W. E. Plummer, Hiram C. Jordan, Leroy S. Sanborn, A. D. Smith, Geo. W. Green, M. S. Gibson, Geo. E. Davis, and Charles B. Nash.

*Pittsfield.*—E. C. Bryant, O. W. Blackden, O. S. Haskell.

*Rockland.*—Geo. W. Hicks, John Colson, John Simpson.

*Skowhegan.*—R. D. Baker, H. W. Cushing, J. S. Cushing, William Nesbitt, Joseph Wood.

*Saco.*—E. P. Burnham, W. T. Simmonds, W. S. Hasty, Thomas Johnston.

In Massachusetts Odd Fellowship the writer recalls the names of many brothers in whose society he has spent many enjoyable hours. Without consulting his note-book or diary he is able to bring before his mental vision the names and familiar faces of some who in other days showed him brotherly kindness. Among them was the veteran Grand Secretary, Charles D. Cole, Boston; Grand Representative Robert W. Tabor, New Bedford; Grand Instructor James M. Price, East Cambridge; Past Grand Representative John U. Perkins, Past Grands Geo. W. Perkins, C. J. Tinkom, Otis Merriman, Jr., Chelsea; Grand Treasurer Julius L. Clark, West Newton; Past Grand Wesley K. Bell, Ipswich; Past Grand Master Horace W. Stiekney, South Boston; Past Grand Masters A. B. Plimpton and

Francis Jewett, Lowell; Past Grands R. B. Gifford, D. B. Hagar, E. B. Phillips, N. A. Very, Moses H. Sibley. John F. Raymond, W. S. Nevens (of Boston Herald), and Brother James Kenny, Salem; the late Brother Gustavus Ober, Past Grand, Brother Ezra Stanley, Secretary, and D. S. Ingersoll of Bass River Lodge, Beverly: Past Grand William T. Litchman of Atlantic Lodge, Marblehead; Brother W. Ward Child, Secretary of Columbia Lodge, Stoneham; Past Grand James L. Bryant and Charles W. Fogg, Secretary of Richard W. Drown Lodge; Brother Leander Gifford, Permanent Secretary of King Phillip's Lodge, Taunton; Brother J. L. Allen, Secretary of Framingham Lodge, at South Framingham; Brother Jesse H. Wade, Secretary of Agawam Lodge, Ipswich; Brother C. E. Adkins, Secretary of Powow River Lodge, Amesbury; Brother J. H. Sherman, Secretary of Acushnet Lodge, New Bedford; Past Grand W. F. Sawyer and Brother James Buxton. Peabody; Past Grand Geo. H. Stickney, Haverhill.

In connection with the special attention and favors shown the writer by individual members of lodges while he was engaged in the publication of the *Register*, he does not forget to make mention of the material aid and comfort given him in later days, when far away from his home during the frosts and snow of mid-winter, when his resources had been cut off by decline of business, and sickness in the family necessitated a speedy return to his home. In such a trying hour the ear and hands of the tender-hearted brothers of Hope and Swarts Lodges in the City of Providence, R. I., were open to hear and graciously answered the petitions of the needy.

Prominent among these was Past Grand George H. Munroe, the veteran janitor of Odd Fellows' Hall in that city. Brother Munroe had faithfully served the lodges and encampments nearly fifteen years. Mrs. Munroe his most estimable wife also spoke cheering words and presented the writer with tokens of remembrance on that happy Christmas morning. While the kind words and smiles of the anniversary season were being exchanged by brothers and friends, the writer was not left out of the circle or forgotten, but received the friendly salutations of Past Grand Representative Lindsey Anderson, Past Grand Master Lester S. Hill, Grand Master Eugene H. Lincoln, Grand Secretary W. H. T. Mosley, Past Grand Patriarch Edwin A. Beasley, Grand Representatives Gilbert F. Robbins and Wm. R. Duple, with scores of others who performed numerous offices of benefaction.

Eight years have passed since the writer assumed the editorial management of the *Register*. Those years were full of changes and experiences. Whatever of good was accomplished, the readers of the paper are the best judges. The work of editing and publishing the paper brought much of pleasure as well as hardships. It opened the doors of three hundred and forty-five lodges and gave the writer an honorable reception among people of distant States where one law governs all, and that was the law of our Fraternity.

Unavoidable circumstances made it necessary for the writer to surrender the *Register*, with all its interests, into the hands of Past Grand Representative Wm. H. Smith, its legal and rightful owner. The changes and success that have come to it under its new management

are better known and told by those who now devote their time and ability to its publication. That it should receive a large support, there can be no question, where there are thousands of Odd Fellows in New England, with no other journal devoted to the interests of the Order published within its border.

#### CLOSE OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

Thoughts of the past crowd the mind of the writer as he draws toward the closing pages of this book. The past can never be recalled. There is much in the present life of our noble Order to inspire the soul of its members to laudable zeal in promoting benevolence and fraternity, which are the solid rocks upon which the superstructure has securely rested during the past seventy years of its existence in America.

The present and future prosperity of the Order depends upon the united efforts of those who have enrolled their names among its membership.

If the great and important interests which especially belong to Odd Fellowship are neglected or left to take care of themselves, decay and dissolution are sure to follow; but there is no danger that so great and good an institution will be deserted, fall into disrepute, or pass into obscurity. The thoughts of what the Order has been, or what it now is, do not exercise the mind of the writer so much as what it may be. This creates an almost resistless desire to lift the curtain which shuts out the future, to catch a glimpse of its magnitude and influence in the world thirty years hence, on that day when the sons and daughters of every tongue and creed will raise their voices in songs and loud rejoicings over its triumphant progress.

The writer sees before him, in imagination, one of the grandest pictures which it is possible for an artist to paint of the demonstrations that will be made in honor of the centennial of Odd Fellowship, April 26, 1919. Who will take part in that notable event? "The days of our years are three score and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four score, the years will be full of pain and sorrow." With such truthful teachings before us, we are assured that the chance of a large per cent. of the members of the Order having part or share in that auspicious event are daily and hourly diminishing.

These thoughts ought not to cast a gloom over the minds of those who have been long and faithful workers in the Order, but should inspire them with new interest and earnest effort to benefit the Order by precept and example during the remainder of their days. They should strive to rid it of everything injurious or offensive, build up its waste places, enlarge its borders, and strengthen its protectings, labor to bring within its fold young men possessing high moral character, large business experience and intellectual endowment. Then there will be no cause to fear that all its future anniversary days will not be regularly and properly honored. Odd Fellowship is the exponent of noble and humane principles—broad, deep and strong, able to withstand the revolutions of religious or political creeds and the ever-changing opinions of men.

#### CLOSING WORDS.

Reader! our work is finished. We part, it may be, never more to meet in this life. The desire of the writer is that the "binding of the links" may unite us more

closely in the bonds of universal brotherhood, and when our sun goes down it shall not become obscured behind the darkened clouds, but shine forth in refulgent brightness in that better and purer life beyond. Brothers,

“Good night! and as you go,  
Bear hence and fully show  
Stamped on your breasts,  
The seal of Friendship pure,  
And Love through life endure,  
And Truth which still secure  
With honor rests.”



#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

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Captain William H. Austin of Canton Columbian, Patriarchs Militant, and P. G. of Eagle Lodge, North Berwick, Maine ; Past Grand Owen E. Blackden of Carrabasset Lodge, Skowhegan, Proprietor of Lancey House, Pittsfield, Maine ; Past Grand J. M. Peck, of Maine Lodge, No. 1, Photo. artist, Portland, Me. ; Mr. Robert Rexdale, author of “Drifting” and “Saved by the Sword ;” editors and publishers of daily and weekly papers throughout the State for kind notices of the work.











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